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THE DAYS BEYOND RECALL.

BY RUSSELL GRAY.

Glad sun of summer shining
Upon a thousand fields,
Beneath thy ray the crimson rose
Its sweetest perfume yields.
But, O! the other roses
That bloomed in years gone by,
Were sweeter in their blush of life
And fairer to the eye:
In the days beyond recalling,
The old loved days gone by!

Sad heart, with memories thrilling—
Sad ever despairing wet!
But tell! are these foolish tears,
And vain the fond regret!
For, O! those other roses
That bloomed in years gone by,
Have faded to an unknown grave,
Beneath a foreign sky!
In the days beyond recalling,
The old loved days gone by!

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

"Is that your residence?"

"Oh, no! We have come from Neufbourg—that is ever so far away. We have been two days coming from there."

"By train?"

"No. There is no railway near Neufbourg—not for fifteen leagues; and Mere Lucas is afraid of steam engines."

"Who is Mere Lucas?"

"My bonne."

"She is not a young thing like you then?"

"No; she is an old woman."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear it! I was afraid you were a pair of harum-scarum young runaways who had escaped from a school or a religious house, or something of that kind."

He glanced at me sidelong in a suspicious manner, as if to see whether this had made any effect upon me.

"You made a great mistake," I said sharply.

"You are English, of course?"

"My father and mother were English; but I was born at Neufbourg, and have lived there all my life."

"Have you never been to England?"

"I have never been more than ten leagues from Neufbourg. This is the first time I have spoken English to any one except my father. My mother died before I could speak."

"Good Heaven! And has your father suffered you—that is"—he corrected himself quickly, seeing perhaps a sign in my face of the pain in my heart, and connecting that with my mourning-dress—"have your friends in Neufbourg suffered you to make this journey with no protection but your bonne?"

"They are very good, my friends Madame Piquois and Monsieur l'Abbe; but Madame Piquois has Jeanne to attend to, and her husband and her house; and Monsieur l'Abbe has his church; and I shall have to do without it in England."

"Have you any friends here?"

"Not one."

"Then you are absolutely alone?"

"I shall be when Mere Lucas leaves me."

"What on earth are you going to do in England?"

"I am going to London to sell my father's book."

"Your father was a literary man. What was his name?"

"Graham. He wrote for the Anthropologist."

"I don't think I have ever seen that work."

"Very likely not. It has nothing to do with fish. It is a philosophical magazine."

"That is not exactly in my way, to be sure," he said, smiling a little. "Is the book you are going to sell of an anthropological kind?"

"It is a cosmographical dictionary. It is a very great work. My dear father has spent years and years upon it; and he died the very day it was finished. 'Twas for me he wrote it, poor dear, and the thought of providing for me sustained him."

He asked no further questions; and we walked along, side by side, in silence. I do not know quite how it was I had come to tell him so much, he being a stranger and a fisherman.

I fancy the tone of equality and authority he assumed had something to do with it.

We had come to the harbor.

A man was on board doing something with the ropes.

"After all," said the captain, as we drew near his ship, speaking as if in reply to some argument that had been going on in his mind, "I don't think you can do better than to cross the channel in the Tub."

"You have not answered my inquiry as to the price," said I.

"Oh, we'll arrange that presently!" he replied; and then he called out to the man on board, who touched his hat in response; and a dialogue ensued which concerned the stores in the ship, and the tide, and the wind, and matters which I did not understand—made more difficult to guess at even by the curious dialect and nasal intonation of the man, which differed entirely from the master's.

But this I was not surprised at, for there must be in England different dialects as there are in France.

At the fair of St. Denis I have listened, without understanding one word, to the conversation of peasants who have brought horses from Brittany.

Indeed these fishermen of Calvados spoke quite another patois from our peasants of La Manche.

"Come," said the master, turning to me quickly, when the dialogue with his man was finished, "we must settle matters with your bonne at once. The tide is on the turn, and, if we are not off in an hour, we shan't start to-day."

I now felt anxious not to lose the chance of going into the English ship; for, while the master and man were talking, I had been comparing the Tub and her crew with French boats and their fishermen; and the latter appeared by contrast so unpleasant and dirty that I dreaded the possibility of journeying with them.

And so we hurried along towards the cottages—that is to say, I hurried, for John Brown—which was, I found afterwards, the name of the Tub's captain—was such a giant that he had but to saunter along to keep pace with my quickest steps.

"How is it your bonne let you come in search of me alone? That's rather contrary to French etiquette, isn't it?" he asked.

"I dare say she thinks I am in the little garden behind the cottage. She was too deeply engaged in quarrelling with her sister to pay much attention to me."

"There's a family quarrel going forward—eh?"

"Mere Lucas wanted her brother-in-law to scrub his boat clean for us, and he would not."

"It would be a long job, and a troublesome one, if his boat is in the same condition as the majority of the boats here."

"And he made all kinds of excuses to get us to go by steamer from Havre to Cherbourg."

"That's not an unreasonable suggestion."

"But Mere Lucas had made up her mind that we shouldn't go by steamer, which she says is neither safe nor respectable; and, when she makes up her mind not to do a thing I know no argument that could induce her to do it."

"Oh, that's the sort of old lady she is!"

"Most of the people at Neufbourg are like that. But she has some reason to be angry for her sister and brother-in-law came to see her last summer, and were so clean and nice that she lent them a hundred francs to buy sails with; and then they promised that, if ever she should have need of the Marie—that's the name of their ship—it should be at our disposal. Of course they didn't expect that Mere Lucas would ever want to make a voyage; but that makes no difference—they promised, and were very nice and pleasant when they wanted her money; and, now that she wants their boat, they're very sullen and dirty and disagreeable."

"I suppose he suggested that my boat would be more suitable?"

"He did—that is why I came to see about you. I only hope that Mere Lucas has not made up her mind not to go in your boat."

"I don't see why you should be guided by your servant."

"You don't know what a friend she has been to me. I think our peasant-women look upon it as a kind of disgrace to leave their villages; and I am sure Mere Lucas would have undertaken such a formidable voyage as this for no one on earth but me. She has prided herself on having brought me up from my infancy without reproach, and it has pleased her to think she has made a sacrifice to save me from expense and to conduct me in safety to England, as being the utmost it is in her power to do. If, after all, she is compelled to take me by the steamer Monsieur l'Abbe advised, she will feel sadly humiliated."

"Then perhaps she will not decline a berth in the Tub."

By this time we had come to the door of the cottage.

The brother-in-law had left the cottage, and, at some distance from it, was lounging against a post, with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth.

Mere Lucas and her sister were still at high words; but their quarrel had arrived at the weeping-stage, and the invectives of both women were interspersed with sobs.

Mere Lucas was so exhausted with contention that she had but little strength to oppose my proposal that we should make the voyage in the English boat.

Still, as it involved a great sacrifice of self-esteem not to have her own way, she did not consent without considerable demur.

She would not understand John Brown, though he took great pains to speak distinctly and loudly, and his accent only was bad.

She said she did not understand his patois, and made me translate all he had to say.

"Tell her," said John Brown impatiently "that Hercules himself couldn't clean out one of those French smacks, nor she either."

I did not tell her that, for she would not have understood the reference to Hercules, and she could not believe anything impossible which she undertook.

But I persuaded her to look at the Tub before declining John Brown's offer.

She insisted first on knowing the price to be paid.

"Oh, anything she likes! Ten francs!" he said, roughly extending the fingers of both hands.

Even Mere Lucas could not think this price extortionate.

As a good Norman, she accepted it with an air of protesting resignation, drawing down the corners of her lips and shrugging her shoulders as I had seen her do so often at market in purchasing butter a sou under the market price.

We went together to the boat, and, when she had nearly exhausted John Brown's patience by her many objections, she told him he might go up to her sister's house and fetch my boxes.

Her decision was not a moment too soon, for by the time she had been to the church to say her prayers, and delivered herself of a few parting sentiments to her sister and brother-in-law, the Tub was on the point of starting, and the moment her foot touched the deck a rope was unfastened and we moved from the side of the quay.

"I think you'll be all right," said John Brown, looking into my face; "but the old woman is pretty certain to be ill, so you'd better get her to lie down in the cabin before we get out of the harbor."

We had no difficulty in making her lie down, for at the first movement of the boat though it was slightly perceptible, the poor dear put her hand to her mouth and clutched at John Brown's arm for support.

We took her down the narrow steps and laid her in the queer little bed.

John Brown spread a rug over her and tucked her up kindly, and, when he told her that the best thing she could do was to shut her eyes and try to sleep, she closed them at once, and said "Merci!" in a feeble voice, his patois being quite comprehensible to her now.

"I don't suppose you will be able to read until you get accustomed to the dip," said John Brown to me; "but there's a comfortable chair in the next cabin, and a volume of "Punch" to look at."

"Oh, I'm going up-stairs! I want to see."

"You'll find it rough when we get out of this creek."

"I don't mind that, if I can hold on to something, and if—if you won't be cross."

He laughed, being reminded of the savage way in which he had spoken to me when I stood in danger of being blown off the sea-wall.

"There's not so much danger of being blown away as of being wetted. You can't go on deck in that flimsy state. Do you mind looking rather like a Guy Fawkes?"

"Not greatly."

"Then you wait here a moment."

He left the cabin quickly. I turned to Mere Lucas and asked her if she felt more comfortable.

She shook her head without unclosing her eyes, and made an angry sign with her hand for me to go away and leave her to go to sleep in peace.

There was just the slightest movement to the right and left, and the sound of water rippling past the vessel's side, and a great deal of clattering of heavy feet overhead and calling out in strong voices. Presently John Brown came back with some things on his arm.

"If you look sharp," said he, "we shall be able to get on deck before the pitching begins. Put your arms in this."

He spoke so peremptorily that I did not wait to consider the subject, but put my arms as he bade me into the sleeves of a great oilskin coat, like the one he wore.

It must have been his, for it came right down to my toes, and the sleeves had to be turned back to the elbow almost before my hands came into view.

He tied a silk handkerchief round my throat to prevent the collar from hurting me, and buttoned the coat down; then he gave me a long bonnet de nuit of blue worsted to put on my head.

I did hesitate at that, but, looking down at my yellow oilskin costume, it struck me

that nothing could be added to make my appearance more ludicrous; so laughing heartily, I tucked my hair into the bonnet and drew it down over my forehead.

"Will that do?" I asked.

"Famously," he replied. "Now give me your hand, and come along."

It was rather difficult to get up the little stairs with the rigid coat hampering the movement of my legs and arms; and I felt very red as I stepped upon deck, fearing the seamen would laugh at me.

But they were too busy to take any notice of me.

We had got out of the little river that formed the harbor, and were running along between the wooden piers and just passing the colored crucifix.

Between the timbers I could see the white-crested waves tumbling over each other and breaking against the pier.

Overhead a great sail was swelling out.

The Tub was all up on one side, dipped up and down as it met the waves that came in from the open part which was just in front.

I noticed these things from the corner where John Brown had placed me.

I held tight hold of the woodwork, as he bade me, and he held my arm with his strong firm hand.

"We shall ship a little water in a minute," said he; "but have no fear—there is no danger."

And just after that we passed the end of the pier, and a wave striking the front of the ship, lifted us right up; and then, as we sank down, another wave struck the side and fell with a mighty splash across the boat, wetting the decks and the great sail as well.

I also was well sprinkled with the spray; and for a moment the shock took my breath away, and I was terrified by the rise and fall.

For at one instant it seemed as though we were going to be thrown up to the clouds and the next as if we were going right down to the bottom of the sea.

But I felt John Brown's strong grasp on my arm, and saw him smiling at my terror; and then I caught sight of the water in the distance dancing and sparkling in the sunlight, with two or three brown-sailed boats going along very safely, and my courage returned with a kind of reckless excitement my heart seeming to dance with the waves.

Then I thought of poor Mere Lucas, and told John Brown that I should like to go down-stairs and assure her that there was no danger.

"You must wait until you get your sea-legs before you try to go 'down-stairs,'" said he.

"For the present, you can only stay where you are. The old woman's all right. I've sent one of the men down to her. His presence and jolly manner will give her a greater assurance of safety than your words and odd appearance could impart. Besides, I expect by this time your bonne has certain requirements which he is far better able to attend to than you."

He spoke without exertion; but I had to shout, and then could scarcely hear my own voice when I replied.

"What requirements?" I cried.

"Basins and things," he said, with a laugh; and I own I laughed also.

I do not know why we should find the idea ludicrous; sea-sickness must have been anything but a joke to Mere Lucas, poor dear!

The waves were less boisterous as we got away from the pier.

The dipping up and down of the Tub was quite exhilarating, only she lay over on her side dreadfully.

We did not go straight away from the shore, but skirted along it; and I think I have never seen a finer sight than the deep purple-blue waves on one hand, and, on the other, the undulating line of green, with its ragged edge of dark gray rocks, with openings here and there where the villages lay sheltered, with glimpses of wooded country beyond.

Noailles, which I had thought the ugliest and dirtiest collection of miserable houses that one could find, from a distance looked neat and clean, and the gable-roofed tower of the church stood up above the shingled cottages, quite an imposing object in the scene.

I forgot all about Mere Lucas, and began to fear that the voyage would come to an end all too soon.

"When shall we get there?" I asked impatiently.

"All depends upon the wind. It's against us now; but there's a change coming on, and, if it don't drop altogether, the breeze is likely to be in our favor. Any way, I don't think we shall get to London to-night. Does that frighten you?"

I shook my head, and I dare say that he saw I was pleased.

"When did you have luncheon?" he asked presently.

"Eleven."

"Getting hungry?"

I nodded.

We did not talk much.

He pointed out a thin line of smoke right on the horizon and told me it was a steamer and a square white sail, which he said was a brig, and a brown-sailed boat as like the French fishing-boats as could be, I thought, but he called it an Englishman.

It surprised me that he could distinguish these peculiarities so far distant; but he certainly had very fine eyes, blue, with a kind of crystalline appearance which I have seen in no others.

We had to move once when the great sail was being rearranged, and that proved to me that I had not yet got my "sea-legs," for without John Brown's support I must have fallen.

We seemed to have turned round and to be going back; but we were clearly getting out farther to sea, for the villages became so indistinct that I had to ask John Brown to point out which was Noailles.

The wind grew calmer, just as he had prophesied, the clouds grew fewer, and the waves rose and fell less high and low, I thought.

John Brown filled a pipe with tobacco and smoked it, having long ceased to hold my arm.

I would have given a franc for a slice of bread.

I began to wonder how I should go on till the next day without, for we had not bargained with John Brown for food.

That was as well so far as Mere Lucas was concerned.

A short, fat, red-faced man came up on deck and came towards us with his legs stretched out like a pair of compasses. He touched his flat blue cap with his brown knuckle, and, smiling at me very pleasantly said—

"You're a better sailor than what your mar is miss."

"How is she going on, Peter?" asked John Brown.

"Well, sir, she's unshipped most all her ballast now; but she still keeps sort o' dragging her anchor like."

I wondered whether Peter was talking of the ship or Mere Lucas.

"We've been talking along of one another quite chatty betwixt and between," Peter continued.

"Wasn't aware you could talk French," said John Brown.

"No more I can't sir. And she can't talk English neither. But she says just what comes uppermost, and I replies in the same sperrit, so it's just as pleasant to both parties. Thought you'd like to know how she were a-going on, miss."

"Thank you, Peter."

"She's a-saying her prayers to all apperience, and is likely to go asleep over 'm, and she may be able to pick up a bit if the wind drops; but, if there ain't no frogs for dinner, I reckon she won't miss 'm much. Wind's a-dropping down, sir; looks as if we should get a little off the land at sundown."

"Yes. Tell Dick to look alive."

"Ay, ay, sir. I'll go down to your mar again directly, miss, and have another chat, so be she's still on the drag."

With that Peter knuckled his cap again and walked in his bear-like way to the other end of the ship, where there was another set of stairs.

"Perhaps you would like me to tell Peter that Mere Lucas is not your mother?" said John Brown.

"I hope you will do nothing of the kind," I replied, feeling a little indignant.

"I'm glad to hear it," he said quietly. "By-the-bye, what's your name?"

"Gertrude Graham. My father called me 'Gertie.'"

"Then I shall call you 'Gertie.' Do you object?"

"Not much."

"One's obliged to address persons by name sometimes, and, of all words in the language, 'miss' is to me the most detestable."

"I don't see anything objectionable in the word. It is the common title of all English young ladies, isn't it?"

"There's another contemptable expression—'young lady'!" he said, knitting his brows.

"Would you have all men and women called 'citizen' and 'citizeness'?" I laughed.

"Oh, I'm not a red republican! 'Citizeness' would be as hateful as 'miss' under certain conditions. Associations make words pleasant or detestable."

"And associations make the name of 'young ladies' unpleasant to you."

"Yes."

He dropped his elbows on the bulwark of the ship, and his bearded chin in the palms of his hands, and, puffing at his pipe, looked out to sea, while I ruminated on the odd and not flattering observations of this strange fisherman.

And there he rested, seeming to have forgotten me, until a man dressed ever so much better than he came to his side and spoke to him in a low voice. John Brown nodded, slipped his pipe into his pocket, and turning to me, said—

"Dinner is served. Will you give me the pleasure of your company?"

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE LADY LINTON'S DIARY CONTINUED.

JOHN BROWN helped me to go down-stairs, though the movement of the boat was now so regular that I could have very well descended alone; and, when he had thrown off my great-coat, I went into the little cabin where Mere Lucas lay to put my hair in order.

Mere Lucas was unmistakably asleep, and snoring in such contented tones that I felt it would be unkind to disturb her; so I went quietly about my toilet, and, when I had made myself look as nice as I could, I left her and returned to the larger cabin.

There I found John Brown, but so altered in appearance that for the first moment I mistook him for the man who had announced that the dinner was ready.

Instead of his yellow oilskin dress and great boots, he was dressed in a close-fitting suit of blue cloth and a pair of light shoes.

He did not look so preposterously big in this suit, but still taller and broader, more erect, and handsomer than any man I have ever seen, I think.

I found he had a fine fair forehead; and, though his hair was cut too short to be pretty, it had a nice little wave over the temples, and was very silky and glossy. I was so perplexed and astonished by this change that I cannot recall what took place for the next ten minutes, except that I took the seat that was placed for me opposite to him, and that the servant, instead of serving the soup in a bowl, brought it in two bright little silver cups and turned it into our plates.

I noticed also that the table was covered with a fair white damask cloth, and that the service was handsomer than that of Madame Piquois, which she produces only on fete-days—and not then if Monsieur le Cure is expected, lest he should consider her guilty of luxury; the forks seemed to be silver, and the knives had white ivory handles, the like of which I never had seen before.

John Brown asked some questions about Mere Lucas, and I replied in a vacant stupid manner of which I was only too conscious; but I was to a certain degree bewildered by this unlooked for aspect of affairs, and very much embarrassed by the presence of the well-dressed servant, who, standing behind his master, looked at me in an impudent sly way, and seemed to be listening to every word I uttered.

John Brown, I fancy, saw that I was under constraint, and, when the servant—whose name, I found, was Barton—had served the fish, he, with a motion of his hand, dismissed him from the cabin. Then I made an effort to be at ease.

"Did you catch this fish?" I asked.

"No," he replied, smiling. "I don't care much for fishing."

"Then you don't get your living by fishing?"

He shook his head and laughed.

"What made you think I did?" he asked.

"You looked more like a fisherman than Mere Lucas's brother-in-law."

"Ah, you have formed your idea of fishermen from picture books!"

"From what Mere Lucas has told me, and from what I have read in poems."

"There's something in common between Mere Lucas and some poets."

"And then this ship is not much unlike the other ships at Noailles, except that it is cleaner and hasn't a great hole in the centre."

"True. The Tub was a fishing-smack once upon a time—and a very highly-flavored one too until it was purified; and just over our heads was that hole in the centre you speak of. Only a year ago there were fish where we are now—a mass of slippery things higher than you can reach above your head."

Looking round the cabin, with its varnished deal wainscot and ceiling, its white floor, its comfortable chairs and rugs, and the table covered with glittering glass and plate, it was difficult to realize the fact which John Brown stated; and it was difficult also to fancy John Brown with dry fish-scales on his finger-nails like the fishermen at Noailles.

"What do you use your ship for now?" I asked.

"For running away from the old world in search of a new."

"I should think that Captain Cook discovered all that was worth finding."

"Not he. He left the world little worse than he found it. It's the other Cook who has spoiled it. There's little to be hoped for after the cheap excursion."

"You didn't expect to find anything undiscovered on the coast of Normandy, did you?"

"Not much, Gertie. My heart fell when I saw that somebody's royal Windsor starch was to be had in packets at the chandler's shop in Noailles. I fancy I must have been reflecting upon the hopelessness of Normandy when you came to revive my courage."

"I!"

"You. Such a child as you might live in the world I am looking for."

I understand—at least, I think so—now what he meant; but I did not at the time, and I was anything but pleased to be taken as the type of a little savage; also I resented being called a child. He had his eyes upon me and laughed, perhaps because of my displeasure.

"You don't like that, Gertie," said he. "You think you have some claim to the advanced stage of civilization after spending a dozen francs on a fashionable bonnet at Bayeaux—eh? When you come to know how vulgar and false and heartless and soulless are the people of the old world, you will think I paid you a compliment in fancying that you bore no resemblance to them."

"I am sure you are in error about me and Neufbourg," said I, after a little reflection. "Neufbourg is not in a desert and I am not at all like Pocahontas."

"Tell me all about Neufbourg," said he.

"What do you want to know?"

"In the first place, is there a piano there?"

"No."

"That's to its credit."

"Why? Don't you like music?"

"Yes, I do like music; and that is why I dislike pianos."

"I don't understand that. Instrumental music is very nice, and the better the instrument the more agreeable I should think the sounds must be. The piano, I am told is better than the harpsichord. I have listened to Madame Piquois's harpsichord with great pleasure; but, if any one could have tuned it and replaced the broken strings, it would have been pleasanter still to hear."

"Ah, Madame Piquois possesses a harpsichord, does she?" he asked.

"Yes. Marie's cousin at Avranches sent her pieces of music quite modern, and she played them, and I was never tired of listening. Do you know 'Suavita'?"

"No."

"That was my favorite."

I stopped, for it came into my mind that I might never hear the harpsichord and my favorite air again; and I thought of Madame Piquois and dear Marie and Jeanne, and how Marie, on my last visit to them, had sat down and played "Suavita" to please me, as she thought and how she played false notes and wept all the time, while Jeanne and Madame Piquois, sitting with me on the sofa, were biting their lips and doing their utmost to avoid bursting into tears with me.

My heart ached bitterly with these recollections.

I laid down my knife and fork quietly, and drew out my handkerchief furtively lest John Brown should see that I was crying.

I saw him glance at me; and then as he kept his eyes fixed on his plate and said nothing, I concluded that he knew how these memories affected me.

"And what kind of country is there about Neufbourg, Gertie?" he asked, after a pause.

"Oh, the most beautiful in the world, I think," said I—"at least, I saw nothing so nice in all the route to Noailles! You can find everything that is beautiful there. From the hill-tops you look leagues and leagues of woods right away to St. Michael's Rock standing up out of the sea; and from the valleys you look up ravines that are blue with hyacinths in spring and purple with fox-gloves later on, and where the river goes tumbling along its rocky course at the foot of the woods there are thousands and thousands of primroses and snowdrops that hang over the water, and yellow irises and all kinds of orchids; and, when the apples are in flower, you can tell where there are dwellings by the patches of pink bloom that smother them up. Then there are two rivers, neither very large; but, oh, what a noise the Canse makes when it bounces down the great rocks where St. Michael cheated the Devil! And the Canson is not much quieter when it makes the fall by the Pas au Diable—the rivers look large enough then, I assure you."

"Wait," said John Brown; "you are running on too quickly. I should like to know how the Devil was cheated."

I told him how the Devil bought the glittering palace made by St. Michael, and how, when he entered it, the heat of his body melted the icicles of which it was formed, and as the peasants believe, made the cascade for perpetuity.

And it suprised me to see how much pleasure John Brown took in this legend, which of course is quite without foundation of fact.

"And that Pas au Diable," he said, when I had come to an end of the story—"that sounds as if it should have something to do with the history of my unfortunate friend. Did St. Michael serve him badly there?"

"Oh, he served him worse than ever there!" said I; and I narrated how the Devil and St. Michael started to race round the world for a wager, and how the saint tripped up the sinner and kicked him right across the valley on to the hard rocks opposite, where the marks of the horns and his hoofs are shown now.

"Have you seen the marks, Gertie?" asked John Brown gravely.

"Oh, yes!" said I. "But his horns were wonderfully close together, and his toes very wide apart. Of course you know I don't believe the story."

"Don't you?" said he. "Well, I'm glad to hear it, for the saint's sake. Are there any more evidence of the Devil's residence at Neufbourg?"

"Only the needle. That's a great rock pointed at the top, and as tall as the mast of a ship.

"It is said that, if one watches at midnight it may be seen to turn around three times.

"But no one has had the courage to do that for a long time, for the ivy about its base is as thick round as my arm."

"Does every one in Neufbourg believe these traditions—except you?"

"No; Madame Piquois doesn't, and I don't think Monsieur l'Abbe does, although he will never tell you what he thinks on the subject, because he naturally doesn't wish to shake the faith of his people. Monsieur le Maire wouldn't allow that these things are true, for he is a Republican, and won't believe in anything."

"Ah, I suppose he goes about undoing all the work of Monsieur le Cure?"

"No; he has too much occupation in his fields and with the cows to interfere with other people's occupations; only it's generally understood that he doesn't believe in anything. Then there are several families of educated people—rentiers, you know, who couldn't believe in such things—people who wear sabots only on week-days, and never wear caps at all."

"Oh, there are folk who wear boots on Sunday!"

"Of course there are," I said, getting a little impatient at his density. "Madame Piquois has her dresses from Paris. Every spring and autumn she receives illustrated catalogues from the Bon Marche and the Louvre at Paris."

"That seems unwise. What is the use of putting on fine clothes if no one is to see them?"

"But they are seen," I cried. "Every Sunday, when it is fine, we walk along the grande route towards St. Denis, and the people of St. Denis walk out towards Neufbourg, and, when they meet and stop to say 'Bonjour,' they take notice of everything you've got on."

"But you didn't indulge in such folly, surely?"

"If I didn't, it was for no want of curiosity. I should have liked a dress from Paris above all things, if papa had been rich enough to afford it."

I thought this would disgust John Brown for his ideal seemed to me a poor half-witted barbarian who believed in fabulous stories, and I did not wish him to class me among such creatures. But I saw no sign of contempt in his face, though I tried to find out from his expression what he thought of me.

He leaned back in his chair and looked at me fixedly with his clear blue eyes, and I could not discover what his thoughts were; only I thought that his feeling must be a kindly one from the repose of his face.

Barton came to take away the roast.

"Let us go up on deck," said John Brown; "the evening should be very fine. You need not fear the waves now. Put something warm about your shoulders, and you can dispense with the oilskins. Do you think you can walk steadily now, or shall I wait for you?"

"I can walk alone well now. I will come up as soon I have seen that Mere Lucas is comfortable."

"Good. We can continue our serious talk and watch the stars come out at the same time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Doctor's Secret.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"I DON'T like mysteries, Harry," said James Coburn to his young brother-in-law, Harry Marshfield, "and from all you have said, there is certainly some mystery in Dr. Carter's life.

"If he is the honorable, upright man you represent him, why does he refuse your invitation?"

"He says he may not be a guest in any honest man's home, and yet he assures me his hands are free from any crime.

"Whatever he is, whatever he may have done, he certainly saved my life."

"Is he really a physician?"

"Yes, and a most skilful one, but he confines his practice entirely to the poor.

"His entire day is passed in visiting amongst the wretchedly poor, while he spends his large income entirely in acts of charity."

"A young man, Harry?"

"Nearing forty, I should judge. His hair is streaked with grey, his forehead is lightly furrowed, but his eyes are bright and soft—beautiful eyes, James.

"No one could meet their frank, yet sad gaze, and believe the man capable of wrong doing."

"Yet his own words prove he has some cause to feel shame.

"His own life looks like one of expiation for some grave offence or crime."

"All that is true. And yet, in spite of it, I love him and trust him."

"And you wish me to call and invite him to visit us, since he refuses your invitation?"

"Not if it is unpleasant for you to do so, James.

"I asked Hattie before I called myself, and if you had not been absent, should certainly have consulted you before inviting any guest to your house."

"Pshaw! Harry. The house is yours and Christie's, as much as mine.

"But I will call upon your mysterious friend with you now, if you wish."

Harry gladly accepted the offer, and in a short time the visitors were shown to Dr. Carter's room.

Louis Carter was a tall, fine-figured man, carrying his head well upon broad shoulders, and moving with the easy grace of one accustomed to polite society.

His face had noble features, a broad, full brow, a sensitive mouth, and eyes of clearest brown, large and expressive.

Over all was an air of profound melancholy, and yet one felt instinctively that there was no sin hidden beneath the noble brow.

A half hour of ordinary chit-chat ended by James Coburn's warmly seconding Harry's invitation.

A look of profound gratitude was the first answer to his request.

Then Dr. Carter's said—

"I thank you for your invitation, but I must decline it."

Then, as if the words were forced from him, he added—

"I beg you will not urge me, for the pain I feel in refusing is much deeper than you can imagine."

"Spare yourself, then, and accept," said Harry.

"I cannot. I may not explain my reasons, for there are others whose secret I carry.

"But it is fifteen years since my foot has passed the threshold of a home, save those abodes of wretchedness where I might carry some poor comfort.

"It is fifteen years since my hand has felt the clasp of friendship."

"And yet that hand is free from crime? You told me so," said Harry, "and again I urge you to come to us, and let me try to lighten this heavy burden you carry for the sin of another."

Again James urged the invitation, and finally the doctor consented to make a short visit to Oakdale, as James Coburn called his pretty home.

It was just dusk, on a chilly November evening, when the three drove to the house where Harry's sisters, Hattie Coburn and Christie Marshfield, waited to receive their guests.

It would have been impossible to find a greater contrast to the melancholy stranger than was presented by Christie Marshfield, a girl of eighteen, pretty as a flower, without being a paragon of beauty, refined and sensible, and yet a very sunbeam, full of the vivacity of youth, perfect health, and happiness.

Her loving, girlish heart, hitherto devoted to her brother Harry, her playmate and her companion since they were children at their mother's knee, already turned with warmest gratitude to the man to whom he owed his life, under Providence.

When Hattie had spoken the words of welcome a hostess must speak, with something more straight from her sisterly love, Christie frankly placed her little white hand in the reluctant one the doctor was forced by her moment to extend.

"We can never thank you, Dr. Carter," she said, lifting her soft blue eyes, dewy with emotion; "but we are very glad you are here to know we are not ungrateful for the service you rendered all of us.

"Not," she added, "that this scapegrace is good for much, but, you understand, we are used to having him near us."

Harry's quick repartee was to save the doctor the necessity of immediate reply, for they all noticed the pallor of the noble face.

But before the evening was over, Dr. Carter proved himself a most entertaining addition to the home circle.

The next day, and for the days that numbered a fortnight, Dr. Carter found himself still an honored guest at Oakdale.

It was simply natural in the routine of the household that he should frequently become Christie's charge.

Hattie had two little ones and her household duties also to make heavy demands upon her time.

James and Harry were partners in a flourishing business, and were often obliged to excuse themselves for absence from a host's pleasant duties.

But Christie seemed to have no duties so imperative that she could not leave them to fill all or any gaps left by the other three.

She had her own low pony carriage, and in this she introduced the doctor to all the beautiful scenery in the vicinity.

Her piano was a great resource, and the doctor never wearied of her conversation.

It was certainly by the law of contrast that there sprang up a strong affection between the light-hearted girl and the sorrow stricken man, but they became fast friends in their first hours of intercourse.

To the others the great disparity of age, and greater still of disposition, seemed a bar to any stronger emotion than that of friendship being awakened, and they were glad to see that their guest gradually became far more cheerful in the pleasant home atmosphere.

The second week of his sojourn was over when one evening Dr. Carter received two letters.

Harry found him alone in the library, with one of these letters grasped in his hand, his face ashy pale, his eyes full of sorrow, and yet with an inexplicable air of relief upon it, as if grief was mingled with sense of freedom.

"My friend," he said, holding out his hand to Harry, "I owe it to you, now that I am free to speak, to tell you of my business here and its termination.

"You must remember, although I could not speak plainly before, that I told you there were grave reasons for my declinging your kindly-urged hospitality.

"Fifteen years ago I left this town, my birthplace and my home for twenty-three years, because my father was a—a—" —his voice became choked, his breathing hard—"murderer, who fled from justice."

"Your father!" Harry cried, horror stricken.

"You will scarcely remember the case. My mother died when I was a mere boy, and my father sought diversion from grief and a desolate home in drinking, and the excitement of gambling.

"He was cursed with wealth, and I too inherited riches from my mother.

"There was no motive for exertion in business, and the idle time was soon filled, as I have said, with the excitement of a gambler's life.

"It was in the quarrel of a card-table that my father struck a fatal blow, that branded him with the mark of Cain.

"He fled from justice, no one knew whither.

"I soon found my own position unendurable, and left my home for the place where you first found me.

"I took my mother's name, and my lawyers sent me the income from her estate.

"I secluded myself from all society, exercising my profession only where there seemed no other hand to bring relief save mine, laden with the shame of my father's sin.

"I saved life, earnestly praying it might be accepted in atonement."

"Surely, if ever the prayers of a noble heart are heard, yours must have been," said Harry.

"In all these years," the doctor continued "I heard no word from my father, never knowing if he lived, or had died in exile, until a month ago.

"Then through my lawyers, I received a letter written by a physician, who was attending my father in a fatal illness.

"There was no clue given by which I could find my way to that deathbed, and I was earnestly entreated not to seek for one.

"To-day letters have come to me that tell me my father is dead.

"He died a sincere penitent, and his last letter is written to me.

"And now, having told you all, giving you full permission to repeat my sad story to your family, I must bid you farewell."

"You must not leave us yet."

"I must. Blame me if you will, laugh at me for an idiot, when I tell you that I, an outcast, the son of a criminal, love your sister Christie."

"And Christie?"

"Do you think I would so outrage your generous hospitality as to try to win her pure young heart?"

"I am to her but a melancholy, middle-aged man, to whom she has been kind from the mere goodness of her nature.

"But she is to me the one woman to whom my crushed, lonely heart has ever opened.

"Let me go from her while my secret is still my own, Harry.

"It cannot harm her in her happy life to have a love that will never be revealed, the fervent prayers of an unhappy exile from all home joys."

"Stay with us until to-morrow," Harry urged, "and I will put no obstacle in your way, if you still insist upon leaving us.

"And now, will you rest here while I spare you a second recital of your sorrows?"

He left the library as he spoke, and Dr. Carter bowed his head upon the table before him, in an agony of despairing grief.

Even to himself he had not before acknowledged how profound was the love he felt for Christie Marshfield, how heavy a burden these two weeks had added to his already over-laden heart.

It never occurred to him to pour out his love to her, to ask a return.

It would have seemed to him a positive crime to seek to link her happy life with his legacy of shame.

Time sped by in the silence of the lonely room, the evening shadows gathered there, and still the motionless figure was bowed in silent agony, unheeding all but mental pain.

There was a soft rustle in the dim room, a light footfall upon the thick carpet, but Dr. Carter did not move until a hand, soft and cool, fell upon his own fevered one.

Then he started, to see Christie standing before him, all the light-hearted gaiety of her face replaced by an earnest gravity that ennobled every feature.

"Dr. Carter," she said, and in her voice was the same earnest purpose which was mirrored upon her fair face, "my brother has told me that I have won a place in the heart of the noblest man I ever knew.

"I cannot for a false delicacy let it go from me.

"Do not judge me unmaidenly if I tell your love is the most precious gift of my life."

"Christie," the doctor cried, "he cannot have told you my life."

"He has told me all."

"And you come to me?"

"I come to you."

"You pity me. You would give me your sympathy."

"I love you!"

It was impossible to doubt her.

In the soft blue eyes there was a brave, true light of womanly love, that dared the dictates of custom rather than send away broken-hearted a love fully returned.

It was the act of a noble, generous heart, and Dr. Carter accepted it humbly, and yet with a deep happiness he had never hoped to feel.

There was a long, earnest conversation in the library before he was really convinced that it was for Christie's happiness as well as his own, that Harry had spoken, but when he once knew this, there fell from his face for ever the cruel mask of suffering it had worn for fifteen years.

Still keeping his mother's name, Dr. Carter continues his acts of self-devoted charity and duty, but he no longer refuses to meet his fellow men in their homes, or to welcome them to his own.

And ever by his side, sharing his self-imposed duties, brightening his life, making his home a heaven of rest and peace, Christie, his wife, proves his blessing and comfort, his helpmate, in the deepest, holiest sense of the beautiful word.

RULES FOR LIFE.—Never ridicule sacred things or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you.

Never show levity when people are engaged in worship.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it, and on no occasion relate it.

Always take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think worse of another on account of his differing from you in political and religious subjects.

Not to dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor with any sort of an enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to hurt the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of yourself and those who are near you.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering their vanities or their riches.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially of circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review your conduct and note your feelings.

THE father of his country is said first to have learned the pleasure of traveling on four wheels when he took a back at the cherry tree.

Bric-a-Brac.

BALL.—The first instance of the acceptance of ball, as a means of escaping imprisonment for a time, was in the case of Caeso, son of Cincinnatus. The youth had killed a companion in a drunken brawl, and considering himself prejudged fled into Etruria and thus forfeited his recognizance.

THE FULL MOON.—The natives of parts of Oceanica believe that the souls of the dead are carried up to the stars by the rising moon, which is great and small according to the number it has to bear. This is an arrangement which makes necessary the further dogma that most deaths occur at full moon.

A QUEER HALLUCINATION.—A lady in Washington relates the following: "A rich master machinist, every now and then, fancies he is a boiler and about to burst. He throws himself prone upon the floor and insists upon his family drenching him with cold water. They always so humor him. When about half drowned his right senses return, and, to all intents and purposes, for weeks at a time, he is a sober, clear-headed, money-making business man."

CARDS.—It was customary in the early part of the last century to utilize disused playing cards as visiting cards by writing the owner's name thereon; messages were also written and left in the same manner. In Plate IV. of Hogarth's "Marriage a la Mode," several of these cards are represented lying on the floor. On one of them the painter has satirized the ignorance of the upper classes by inscribing on it "Count Basset begs to no how Lade Squander slept last nite."

CHEATING.—Louis XIV. himself was not free from the vice of cheating. One day he was playing with the Marquis de Rohan his first valet de chambre. 'I have got four kings,' said Louis. The Marquis suspected a trick, as he held a king himself, and the heathen Chinee was not yet invented. 'I have got five knaves,' capped the Marquis. 'How can that be?' 'On the same principle of your Majesty, who includes himself. Four knaves in hand and myself make five.' A knave is called valet in French.

LEAP YEAR.—A hint or two as to old-time leap-year privileges or penalties may be found in the following from a book printed over a century ago: "Albeit it is nowe becôme a part of the common law in regard to social relations of life that, as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladyes have sole the privilege during the time it continueth of making love to the men, which they do either by words or by looks, as to them seemeth preferable; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of the clergy who doth in anywise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

WOMEN BARBERS.—Sometimes the best Japanese barbers are women. As in a Japanese family the shaving of the children's heads is a regular duty as imperatively customary as the Saturday night's general ablutions are among families where Sabbath and Sunday schools are old institutions; so nearly all Japanese women acquire a deftness and delicacy of feel with the razor that rival professional touch and skill. The girls and boys are not considered dressed or perfectly clean until their scalps in the chosen portions are perfectly polished. The male barbers of the period are stout conservatives, resisting wordily the foreign custom of the hairy foreigners who wear beards moustaches, and full heads of hair.

IN CHINA.—In China every master is bound by law to procure his slave a wife before he is thirty years of age, and no master would be willing to face the public censure that would follow the refusal of this right, or of effecting any sale that would involve the separation of his married slaves. The children, of course, belong to the master and are called by his name, but sometimes the slave will smuggle a child over his master's fence, where he is educated, grows up, and perhaps earns sufficient money to redeem his parents from bondage. In some cases slaves escape to distant lands, and it may be interesting to remark here that many of the California immigrants are said to be runaway slaves, who would never think of returning to their native villages until they have saved sufficient money to buy them out of their present vassalage to secret societies, and then to redeem themselves from the hands of their former owners.

BUSH DOCTORS.—"Bush," or herb doctors are more popular among the negroes of some sections than others, says a correspondent. "In case of sickness, if they employ a white physician, and the patient does not get well in two or three days, they send him off and go to a 'bush doctor.' This one of them said to me, was really the most sensible thing to do, because a white doctor charges a dollar every time you go to see him, and you have to pay for the medicines besides; but a bush doctor will give you advice and boil you up a big bottle of medicine all for twenty-five cents. Perhaps the most logical of all their remedies is that for an elongated palate. They wind the top-most lock of hair on the patients head around a stick, twist it as close to the head as possible and fasten it in that position. It is evident that this must pull the palate up into its proper place. They often prescribe the application of different leaves to different parts of the body, according to the ailment. The chambermaid came into the room one morning with a shiny green leaf laid close behind each ear. 'They's lime leaves for a sick stomach,' she said."

TOGETHER.

BY S. FORD.

"Sweet," he murmured, bending low,
"Wind and wintry weather
Hearts of oak in firelight's glow
Bind more close together,
Storm and wintry weather
Bind more close together."

"Sweet," he whispered in my ear,
"Springing is the heather,
Let us wander without fear,
You and I together;
'Mongst the flowers and heather,
You and I together."

When the winter came apace,
Wind and wintry weather,
He had found a fairer face,
Wandering in the heather.
Storm and wintry weather
Blind them close together."

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—[CONTINUED.]

"WILL you follow me, Monica?" she said.

"I knew that tone of voice well. It froze the blood in my veins. Still in my happy ignorance, I said to myself that no one could part me from my lover; no matter what any one did, or thought, I could not be parted from him.

"My mother led the way to her own boudoir, the same pretty room you were in yesterday.

"If she had sat down, she would have looked less terrible to me. There she was, so proud, so tall, so stately, her eyes flashing ominously and dark frowns on her brow.

"I remember, Violet, the very square of carpet on which I stood; I remember the red rose that came peeping in at the window.

"My mother looked at me for some minutes in silence; then she said—

"'I am trying not to be angry, Monica; I want you to tell me the meaning of this.'

"She placed my lover's letter in my hands. My tears fell upon it hot and fast.

"It was so touching, so beautiful. I wondered that she herself could read it without tears.

"It told how he loved me, and how every hope of his bright eager young life was wrapped up in me.

"'I am trying,' repeated my mother, 'not to be angry. We must not be too hard on the faults and follies of youth.

"'How this boy found the audacity to write this letter I cannot think! I do not blame you; I shall not even ask you any questions about it; but, understand, the nonsense must be ended at once. Read that letter through.'

"I read it through my fast-falling tears.

"'You see,' said my mother haughtily, 'how far the young man's presumption leads him.

"'A young penniless soldier, and yet he looks for the hand of my daughter! Thinking of the brilliant match that Marguerite is making causes me to feel more lenient, or I should send the letter to his father, and advise him to use a horsewhip.'

"'I love him, mother,' I said, 'and I shall never love any one else while I live.'

"She laughed, Violet—such a laugh; I hear it now in my dreams.

"'A schoolgirl of your age knows nothing of love, should know nothing of it. The word has not even a decent sound on your lips; it has not, indeed.

"'I do not know, I cannot tell what the world is coming to when a child of your age talks about love.

"'You may be sure of this, that, if I hear the word again, I will lock you up in your room, and give you bread and water for a day or two to bring you to your senses. I will ask no questions; perhaps, if I knew the whole truth, I should be more distressed, more angry than I am.

"'I will answer this letter. I shall tell him that he must not come to the house again.

"'I should not like to resort to stronger measures, such as forcing Mr. Caerlyon to resign the living which is in your brother's gift.

"'I shall write to the young man and tell him what I think of his impertinence, forbid him to speak to you again, and, as soon as our visitors leave us, we shall go to Mount Avon.'

"So in a few minutes all the brightness was taken from my life. I looked up into my mother's face.

"There was no softening, no relenting; it was so proud, so cold, so cruel that my heart sank.

"Should I never see my brave young lover again? I have a faint recollection of clinging to her, of kneeling to ask her to take pity on me, because I was so young, and I loved him so.

"I remember falling with my face towards the ground; and then all was a blank to me, a terrible blank.

"How the days passed I cannot tell; I was never conscious of anything but the one horrible pain; the one terrible blank. As I recovered, no one ever spoke to me of my lover; I never heard his name.

"But I saw him, Violet, once before we left Ryverswell—only once. It does not matter how.

"I have never seen him since. I was with him nearly an hour. He held me in his arms, he kissed me, and we swore to be true to each other until death.

"Violet, you must not think I am mad; but I feel the loving clasp of those arms and the warmth of those kisses now.

"We swore to be true to each other, and we shall each keep our vow.

"I do not think any two in the world have ever loved each other as we do. It is all hopeless.

"I know that, after we reached Mount Avon, my mother had many letters from him—I know that he wrote often to me; but she returned all his letters unopened. I write to him whenever I have a chance of posting the letters unknown to my mother.

"You may think it wrong, Violet; I do not.

"If there had been anything against him except his want of money, it would have been a different thing; but he is just, brave, and generous, with a scorn for all meanness.

"If there were one blot on his character, one stain on his fair name, it would seem less unjust, less cruel; but there is nothing wrong, only that he has no money.

"He is well-born, well-bred, he is a gentleman and a soldier, he is brave and noble; but he is poor."

"It seems very cruel," said Violet, to whom this love-story was a revelation. "What shall you do, Monica?"

"There is nothing to be done. I shall wait for him and love him all my life, just as he will love and wait for me."

"And in the meantime?" said Violet.

"In the meantime my heart is slowly breaking.

"I live my life, and try to make the best of it. My mother made me go to London.

"'You are not beautiful like Marguerite,' she said; 'but you have a style of your own.

"'You are brighter and more piquant than your sister; just now that kind of thing is more in vogue than mere beauty. I shall expect you to make a better match than Marguerite.'

"And, Violet," continued Monica, with a smile more sad than tears, "strange to say, and just because I did not want to make conquests, I had a crowd of suitors. How I hated them—savagely almost!

"I could never find words cruel enough for them; and they liked it—absolutely liked it.

"They said I was original, piquant, clever. They made me the rage and the fashion, while I hated them.

"My mother was delighted. She said her daughters would marry better than any other girls.

"And, Violet, you cannot imagine what kind of men fell in love with me. It would seem like vain boasting if I told you.

"A duke proposed for me. Only imagine—I might have been a duchess! Mamma almost shook me when I refused him.

"A great American millionaire made me an offer, and she went nearly wild with delight; but I tell her each time that a fresh suitor comes to me that I shall live and die true to Paul.

"This morning I have had a letter from him, and he says there is a rumor that his regiment, the Black Lancers, will be sent to Africa.

"Oh, Violet, how am I to bear it, dear? I may never see him again.

"I would rather look once into his face and die than live fifty years without seeing him.

"There is one consolation for us, which is that, though we are parted from each other, we have ample faith in each other. My trust in Paul could never die; his in me, I am convinced, is equally firm.

"Can you imagine what it is to love one man with your whole heart, to have no other interest, yet never to see him, never to hear his name, to be with him only in dreams?

"Why, Violet, my life is full of pain, one long torture of suspense!

"I have no hope. Mamma will never relent, never consent to my marriage with Paul.

"Only one thing could be of any use to us; but it will never happen. If some one would die and leave Paul a large fortune, she would withdraw her veto at once. A year ago Paul wrote to me and suggested that he should get married at once; he said that when it was done and beyond recall my mother would forgive us; but how could I say 'Yes' and spoil his career?

"How could he keep a wife who would not bring him one shilling, he who has difficulty enough to keep himself?

"His father has little money to spare; he can help him only every now and then. Do you not see, Violet, I should be only a drag and a burden?

"In fact, I love him too well to accede to that wish.

"I have no money of my own," Monica went on plaintively; "mamma has all. She can either leave me a fortune or deprive me of one.

"She would not, of course, give me one shilling if I married Paul. For myself, I do not mind poverty at all; but I cannot drag him down into the depths. It would be selfish, and I love him better than myself."

"It seems a sad story," said Violet, "and I do not see what can be done to help you."

"Nothing can be done," Monica answered.

"It is doubly hard for me. Just because I want no lovers and do not want mamma to think of matrimony in connection with me, I am overwhelmed with offers; even our beautiful Marguerite never had so many as I have had; and every fresh offer makes my mother so angry.

"Only last week that tiresome old Sir Thomas Macintosh, who is said to be one of the richest men in England wrote to mamma and told her—oh, Violet, I have no patience to repeat it, I have not indeed!—told her that he wanted to marry me, and that he was so anxious to make me his wife he would settle half his fortune on me if I would consent.

"Mamma implored of me to say 'Yes.' And in some way, I cannot tell how, Paul has heard of it, and written to me. He knows I shall be true to him.

"If ever a girl means to be true to her love and is true, I am that girl. I shall write to Paul to-day.

"But he seems so disheartened. He hears these rumors of my lovers, he hears rumors of his regiment going abroad, and he seems half distracted."

"Write him a long cheerful love-letter," suggested Violet.

"Have you ever written a love-letter in your life?" asked Monica.

Violet answered "No."

"If you had," said the girl simply, "you would know that it would be the most difficult thing in the world to write a cheerful one in circumstances like mine."

* * * * *

"It does not seem to me," said Monica Ryvers to her sister-in-law, "that you will ever feel quite at home here."

For Monica, suddenly entering one of the pretty drawing-rooms in ordinary use, found Violet idly seated there, and looking very dispondent.

"I do not think I shall," she answered—"the place is so large, so different from anything to which I have been accustomed; and I have nothing to occupy me. I was much happier in my aunt's little house. And, oh, Monica, if I had but a garden!"

"A garden!" cried Monica, in wonder. "Why, my dear Violet, you have one of the largest in England. The Ryverswell gardens are unique."

"So they may be; but they are not mine," said Violet.

"They are your own, inasmuch as they belong to Randolph," said Monica.

"It is very different," returned Violet. "At my old home the garden was my own, as it were."

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN every little fracas that took place between Violet and the dowager Lady Ryvers Randolph tried to make peace.

His mother was hurt, thinking he ought to take her side; his wife was angry, feeling quite sure that he ought to fight her battles; he himself felt hurt because Violet, for his sake would not yield more. So the shadow deepened, the coldness increased.

Not that Randolph loved his wife less—if possible, he loved her more—but he felt grieved because she did not try to conciliate those around her and to accommodate herself to her new circumstances.

On the other hand, Violet had always in her mind a sense of injury.

Randolph had deceived her.

No matter what his object or what his excuse, he had deceived her, and there was no possibility of forgetting it.

In those days she never looked very deeply into her heart, she never asked herself if she had loved the young artist better than she loved the young lord; she made no effort to control the thoughts that were against him.

She disliked her present mode of life and her surroundings.

Where other girls would have been completely happy, she, owing to her peculiar training, was wretched. She longed to run about freely, to be useful; she resented the inactivity that brought with it no pleasure or enjoyment.

While traveling, she had not felt this so much, but, once at home, the change from old habits was but too perceptible. Above all, she felt the loss of the grand old garden.

Certainly at Ryverswell there were acres of land, conservatories, ferneries, forcing-houses, gardens laid out in the most elaborate Italian style, flowers of the richest rarest, fruit of the most delicate and recherche kind; but there was nothing that could personally interest her.

There were any number of gardeners under the skilful head-gardener, a Scotchman, who looked upon every leaf and blossom as sacred, and strongly objected to any one else touching them.

Violet never felt at liberty to ramble through the well-kept gardens and gather fruit and flowers; she longed for the quaint old-fashioned garden at home, where she had done as she liked.

"I should be much happier, Monica," she said, "if I had a piece of ground that was quite my own, where the gardeners would never interfere."

And Monica answered quickly that no time should be lost in gratifying her wish.

That very morning Monica sought her mother.

She was with Randolph, looking over some accounts, when her daughter entered.

In her desire her sister-in-law, Monica forgot that she might run the risk of vexing her mother, who was always wretched when any one was especially civil to Violet.

"Mamma," said Monica, "I am afraid Violet is very dull."

"That is Randolph's business, not mine. I should never undertake to amuse a person who is unwilling to be amused."

"Oh, mamma, Violet is as bright as the day," cried Monica—"naturally, I mean! But this morning she seems dull; she misses many things that she had at her own home."

The dowager's answer was a scornful laugh, which brought a hot flush to the young husband's face and an angry light to his eyes.

He controlled himself however, for he never cared to be anything but respectful to his mother.

"Of course," hastily added Monica, "it will be quite different when Violet goes into society.

"I can well imagine that just at present she does feel dull and lonely. Randolph has been busily engaged during the last week, and has not been much with her. I have been talking to her, and she has told me of something that she would like very much."

Lady Ryvers went on writing, as though she had not heard: but Randolph looked up quickly.

"What is it?" he asked. "Tell me, Monica,"

"She misses the garden at her old home; it seems that that was her chief delight."

Lord Ryvers remembered it so well that his face flushed.

It had been a very paradise to him, and he was pleased that she thought of it.

Monica went on—

"These great gardens here do not seem to give her much pleasure. She has been saying how much she should like a piece of ground all her own, to grow what flowers and fruits she likes.

"I think it is very natural; really our gardens seem to be made more for our gardeners than ourselves."

"Of course she can have what ground she likes, and do as she likes with it, and in it," said Lord Ryvers.

"She will like to work in it herself," remarked Monica. "She likes to cultivate flowers and take care of them."

"I will go out at once and select a portion of the garden for her exclusive use," said Lord Ryvers.

"I know exactly what she wants and what will please her. I am so glad you found it out, Monica."

"If your wife wishes also to keep a dairy," broke in the dowager, "you will make arrangements for it, I presume. It is quite a new thing for the ladies of Ryverswell to work on their own land!"

"How bitterly you speak, mother!" cried Randolph; while Monica looked away with a shrug of her shoulders that was far more expressive than words.

"I speak truthfully. I say that it is a misfortune when the mistress of a house like this has such excessively plebeian tastes; it is more unfortunate still when the husband encourages them."

"I do not see how you can call the cultivation of flowers a plebeian taste," said Lord Ryvers.

"Why, mother, I have seen you yourself busy in the conservatory—busy too amongst your favorite roses!"

"You have never seen me stain my hands with gathering fruit or soil them by weeding," said Lady Ryvers.

"If your wife intends to work in a garden as she seems to have done, she will never be presentable.

"It is quite a new idea to me. I thought only peasant-women used the spade and the hoe."

"You wilfully misunderstand, mother," declared Randolph angrily. "If either of my sisters had expressed such a wish, you would most cheerfully have acceded to it."

"It has nothing to do with me," said the dowager sharply. "The land, the grounds, the house and all belonging to it, are yours. It does not concern me in the least. You can do what you like with your own. I merely warn you that your wife's tastes are plebeian, and that, if you begin to yield to them, you will not know where to stop. I advise you to refuse to gratify them, and to try to elevate them."

"You are not fair, you are not just, mother—indeed you are not," returned the young husband gravely. "You look with prejudiced eyes at everything that Violet wants and wishes."

"Violet would have been much better left where you found her," said Lady Ryvers contemptuously. "You might as well attempt to graft cabbages on rose-trees as to make a lady of a person who has been accustomed to work in gardens and dairies."

Randolph rose hastily from his seat.

This was more than he could bear.

He felt that his indignation was rapidly mastering him, and that words might be said which nothing could recall.

"Stay, Randolph!" cried her ladyship, in a voice of authority. "You are going, of course, to select a piece of ground to gratify this absurd whim of your wife?"

"Most certainly, mother," he replied. "Any wish of Violet's shall be gratified so far as I am concerned."

The dowager rose from her chair, with a gesture of proud intolerance which struck dismay into the heart of her son.

"Not while I am here!" she cried. "I am staying at your request; your sisters are staying by request, in order that, by association with the person you have brought here as your wife, we may civilize her, if possible.

"I myself do not think it possible; she is more obstinate even than she is ignorant. I beg you to wait until I have left Ryverswell.

"The grounds and gardens of Ryverswell Castle have been my pride all my life. I could not endure to see them cut up, or

even disturbed, to gratify the whim of an ignorant and vulgar woman."

"Mother," said Randolph, trying to speak calmly, "you must know that this is intolerable to me. You may not like Violet—Heaven knows why!—but you do not think her either ignorant or vulgar; you merely say it to annoy me. My wife must be respected."

"Then do not let me be annoyed by seeing any nonsense of the kind proposed. If it must be done, let it be when I have left the Castle."

Monica glanced at her brother.

"Let it be, Randolph," she said, "for a short time. I am very sorry that I spoke or interfered. Mamma will excuse me; I had forgotten her prejudices."

"Do what you will to Ryverswell when I have left it," said her ladyship; "but for the present, for the few weeks that I am here, let everything remain as it is."

And in her heart she vowed again that she would do all that was possible to annul this horrible marriage.

If Violet had been docile, yielding, deferential, it might have been more bearable; but this girl was proud as any Ryvers ever born.

Long after Randolph had quitted the room the dowager sat brooding angrily over her bitter disappointment.

If her son had but married Gwendoline Marr, what a different matter it would have been!

To have pleased a great heiress like Gwendoline Marr, she would have been willing to have seen the Ryverswell grounds undergo a complete change; but no change should be wrought to please Violet; not one plant should be removed to gratify her.

If possible, Violet herself should be removed; and she longed heartily for that day to come.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RYVERSWELL looked very beautiful in its autumn dress.

The chrysanthemums were all in flower, the Castle gardens being famous for them.

Long before their bloom had faded, Violet, Lady Ryvers, had owned to herself that she was very unhappy.

The dowager had kept to her resolve—no visitors had been asked to the Castle, no invitations issued as yet.

Very little was known of Lord Ryver's marriage, very few people had heard of it. The newspapers were silent concerning it, and most of the persons to whom it was mentioned declared that it could not be true, and refused to believe it.

The young lord rebelled against this state of things.

Still his mother had asked him, as a distinct personal favor, to keep his marriage secret for a short time, alleging as her excuse that she wished Violet to associate with herself and her daughters before she took her part in the world.

Lady Ryvers had pointed out to him many little deficiencies in Violet which could be rectified only by attention and training.

"You must not take her into society until she has been civilized," said her ladyship, "unless you wish to brand her yourself too.

"If you introduce her just as she is to the world, every one will know what you have made a mesalliance."

"What is the matter with Violet, mother, that you are always finding fault with her?" asked the young lord.

"Your wife's greatest fault is that she is perfectly and undisguisedly natural," said her ladyship. "She has not been trained in any way; she does what she likes, she says what she thinks."

"And why not?" asked Lord Ryvers. "Seeing that all her actions are like herself noble and graceful, all her thoughts grand and beautiful, why should she not do them, why not express them?"

"If she goes into society, she must conform to the rules of society," said Lady Ryvers; "and you know how utterly out of place a perfectly natural woman is. Violet—how I dislike the name!—is capable of saying anything to any one. She would tell the truth, for instance, if she offended the most important personage in England. She would express her opinion on a subject no matter what proprieties she outraged. Given one or two such women as Violet, and the world would be all confusion."

"I am disposed to think rather that we should be much nearer heaven than we are now," returned Lord Ryvers. "Do I understand you rightly, mother, that my wife is not fitted for society until she has learned to move artificially, to speak untruthfully, to conceal her thoughts?"

"You wilfully misunderstand me," said her ladyship. "I repeat that your wife is not fit to go into society until she understands its laws and rules."

"And those you and my sisters are to teach her?" said Lord Ryvers.

"She can learn them from us, if she chooses," answered her ladyship proudly. "I shall not condescend to give her lessons. Marguerite is considered a perfect model of good manners; Monica, too, although somewhat animated, is very charming. When did Marguerite ever hurt any one with an unpleasant truth, or disturb the polished surface of society by one word out of place? Did you ever hear Marguerite express any raptures of joy or give way to any outburst of sorrow? She has her feelings perfectly under control. Let your wife try to copy her."

"My wife might as well transform herself into a marble statue," said Lord Ryvers. "The very beauty of Violet's face is in the change of expression, the light that comes and goes in her eyes, the rose-bloom that changes in her face. Her eyes fill with tears of pity, her lips laugh sweetly when she is pleased, a hundred tender thoughts at times speak in her face, her very glance denounces all things mean—and yet you wish her to be like Marguerite! You may say what you will and think what you will, but I am quite sure that the world—at least the men of the world—will never look at Marguerite when Violet is near.

"One tires in time of even the most beautiful marble statue; one never tires of a beautiful, intelligent, animated woman."

"Your sister should be flattered," said the dowager, haughtily. "I have given you the best advice I can: you must please yourself about following it."

Partly because he wished to conciliate his mother, and partly because he thought there might be some little truth in what she said, Lord Ryvers consented that some weeks should pass before his marriage was made public.

He repented of this concession most bitterly afterwards.

His mother was possessed of the notion that the marriage could be annulled; her idea was to gain time.

She fervently hoped to prejudice her son against his wife, and, if she could not do that, she made up her mind to a certain course.

She would write one of the most famous lawyers in England, and ask if there was no flaw in the marriage.

If there was one, she would make her son take his choice of annulling his marriage or giving up his mother.

"If he can do it, and will not," she vowed to herself, "I will never see him or speak to him again. If it cannot be annulled, I shall insist on living with them, and she shall never have any authority in the house."

And in the meantime she made Violet suffer as much as possible.

If she could have guessed at the thoughts that went through the girl's mind, she would have been more merciful.

The very smallest thing, the lightest word, gave her some pretext for cruelty to Violet.

As a rule, the girl resented it, but showed her resentment by proud silence; at other times, when she felt tired or unhappy, she would weep bitterly.

She came down to breakfast one morning in a fashionable morning costume purchased in Paris.

"I do not like your dress, Violet," said the Countess of Lester, who, according to her light, was endeavoring to form the mind, the taste, and the manners of her sister-in-law.

"Why?" she asked.

"It does not suit your style," said the Countess.

"I hardly knew I had a style," laughed Violet, "when that was sent home. I should not have kept it if I had known as much of dress then as I do now."

"I always thought the instinct for true and correct taste in dress was born with every lady," said the Countess.

"You are right," put in the dowager. "It is born with every lady; it is not given to every one."

If Lord Ryvers had been there, he would have indignantly silenced his mother, who was speaking in her very haughtiest tone of voice.

"I consider it a criterion," she said: "one may always know a lady by her taste in dress."

"Your ladyship's remarks are leveled at me," said Violet, "and would seem to indicate that you do not consider me a lady. I think consideration for other people's feelings far more an indication of nobility than taste in dress."

"Your ideas are decidedly provincial," replied the dowager. "There is no more to be said."

"How I hate her!" cried Violet, afterwards, in the solitude of her room; and her hatred grew every hour.

The dowager never lost an opportunity of making her feel her position.

In her son's presence her ladyship exercised some control over her words, but not when he was absent.

She then made no attempt to conceal her bitter disappointment with regard to her son's marriage.

She never lost an opportunity of taunting her with it, and lamenting the utter spoiling of life.

All these taunts seemed to have set Violet's heart against her husband.

He found her one morning in her room, her eyes wet with tears, her lovely face pale and troubled.

He caught her in his arms and clasped her to his breast.

He kissed the white eyelids and the quivering lips.

"You have been crying, my darling. Tell me why. I will know. You shall not shed any tears; you shall not be grieved. What is it?"

But she would not tell him.

Tortures would not have dragged the truth from her.

She had been nobly loyal to her resolve. She had uttered no complaint of the mother to her son, and never would.

She was proud of her own courage in keeping her resolve, although there were times when some soothing word from the dowager, some cruel insult, would send her flushed and quivering with rage from the room.

"You shall not be annoyed, Violet," said Lord Ryvers. "I insist upon you telling me what is the matter. You are the dearest object in life to me; your happiness is always my first thought, and always shall be."

For once the girl's pride and courage broke down utterly.

"Oh, Randolph!" she cried bitterly, "why did you marry me? You knew the difference which existed between our positions in life; I did not. Why did you marry me?" she reiterated.

"To make you happy—and I mean to do so," he answered. "Violet, every tear of yours is rending my heart."

"Why did you marry me? Why did you bring me here? I hate it all! I shall never be happy. It was a cruel thing of you to do. You must have known that your mother and sisters would never like me, Randolph."

"Why, Monica loves you," he cried—"loves you more than she does Marguerite, I'm sure.

"I never thought of my mother and sisters—I thought only of you. If you are not happy here, I will take you away again; you shall not be unhappy anywhere, my beautiful wife.

"I have been weak and foolish to give in to my mother's whim. She thought it would be so much better if you spent a few weeks here with her and my sisters. I wish I had refused.

"What do you say, darling?" for with trembling lips, she had whispered something in his ear.

"Thorns in your orange-blossoms!" he exclaimed. "No, my darling, you shall have none. If there must be thorns, they shall fall to my lot, not yours.

"I will wear them, and you will wear the orange-blossoms. My darling, do you know that I love you so well I would quarrel with my mother, sisters, and everyone else in this world for your sake?"

"But that should not be," she said; "you ought to have married some one whom they would all have loved, like the girl they are always talking about—Gwendoline Marr."

"Neither Gwendoline Marr nor another would I ever have made my wife," he said, "but you, Violet, my darling, you shall not be made unhappy; tell me what has grieved you."

But he could not draw one word from her, the fact being that the dowager had told her that she had ruined her son's life, that but for her he could have married into any of the noblest families of England, and that, as it was, she didn't see how he could go into society again.

"A man's marriage either makes or mars him," concluded the dowager; "my son's unhappy marriage has most certainly marred him."

Violet listened in proud silence.

She contented herself by saying over and over again:

"If this be a lady, I am thankful I am a daughter of the people."

But when alone her anger and indignation found vent in tears.

Lord Ryvers could not soothe her.

"You ought not to have married me," she said; "it was cruel to yourself, to me, and to your family."

Each and every word seemed to pierce his heart.

"How could I help it?" he asked, "when I loved you?"

She raised her lovely eyes, streaming with tears, to his face.

"It seems to me," she said, "that in marrying me the person you thought most of was yourself."

And the words struck him like a blow, yet he felt they were true.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LORD RYVERS had made a resolve. He could not be wanting in courtesy to his mother; he could not, after her long reign in the house, ask her abruptly to leave it; but one thing he could do: he could take his wife away.

In his heart there was deep resentment against his parent, but he was too well-bred a gentleman and too good a son to put it in words.

He was sorely disappointed.

He had not thought that his mother would hold out in this fashion—in fact, his love had been so great he had thought of nothing else.

And now the whole word seemed to lie in ruins all about him, and the only certainty he felt was that his beautiful young wife was miserable.

This state of things could not last; he must put an end to it; and, if he did not like to ask his mother to go, he must take his wife away himself.

He had made up his mind to this; but Fate forestalled him.

It so happened that one chill afternoon Lord Ryvers, feeling vexed and grieved that those he loved best did not love each other, went out on to the terrace to solace himself with a cigar.

While he was walking there, looking with admiring eyes at a copper-beech on which the sunshine lay, Lord Lester joined him.

"Randolph," he said abruptly, "if Violet were my wife, I should not feel happy about her. She has lost her beautiful bloom, she growing thinner and paler, she does not look happy. I repeat, if she were my wife, I should be anxious about her."

"She is not happy," returned Lord Ryvers. "I see it plainly enough, and am puzzled what to do. I want my mother to like her; but I am beginning to fear she never will."

"Never!" declared the Earl. "The prejudices on both sides are too strong. The only thing you can do is keep them apart."

"I fear so; but that seems hard on my mother, who has been mistress here all her life."

"It is useless to speak of the past," said Lord Lester. "I was a quixotic business from first to last. Forgive me for saying so, but you ought to have married in your own sphere. These quixotic love-affairs never answer. You have virtually separated yourself from your mother by your marriage; your first care now must be your wife."

The words haunted Lord Ryvers.

With all his passionate worship of Violet, was it possible he had committed a blunder in bringing her home to his mother, and in trying to make them friends?

He went in search of her when Lord Lester sauntered away to rejoin his Countess, who was growing tired of family battles and quarrels.

He found her at the fountains.

Lord Ryver's face brightened when he saw her.

Was ever woman so fair?

She stood watching the falling spray, rich draperies of grey velvet and silver hair falling round her, her beautiful face shadowed by a hat with a sweeping plume.

But it was not the face of a happy woman; the conviction of that went home to him.

She was beautiful beyond compare, more statuesque in the full development of her magnificent womanhood; but this was not the girl who had made him captive on the morning when he had sung of "June's palace paved with gold."

There was a mournful look in her eyes, a deep shadow was on her face, lines of pain were round the sweet mouth.

As a wild bird pines in a cage, so she pined in the splendors that surrounded her.

Oh to be free, to stand once more in the old garden at home, to breathe the odor of the pine woods, even with aunt Alice scolding in the distance!

She hated this gilded splendor, she disliked all this retinue of servants, she detested the ways of the fine ladies about her, and she longed with all her soul for freedom.

He found her in this mood.

Quite unconsciously, in her own mind, a certain resentment was growing against her husband.

It was he who had brought her hither, who had forced upon her this splendor, luxury, and mortification.

He threw his arm round him; but the dainty, lovely face no longer flushed and brightened for him.

There was a wistful, set expression that touched him.

"I always find you thinking, Violet," he said. "I am sure, from your eyes, that your thoughts are not pleasant ones."

"They are not," she confessed sadly.

"Violet," cried Lord Ryvers, "do you know that I have a horrible fear that you are not quite happy in the midst of these surroundings, that you are even beginning to love me less?"

It was so exactly the truth, and she was so little prepared for it, that for a few moments she stood quite still, not knowing what to say.

"My darling," he continued, in a voice full of pain, "do you remember the days when I wooed you? Do you remember how you used to come to me with your eyes full of love and your sweet hands outstretched?"

She raised her eyes to his face; they were full of perplexity.

"You do not seem to be the same man," she replied. "The artist I met at St. Byno's and the lord of this great Castle have a distinct individuality," she added, with sudden passion in her voice.

He recoiled at the words.

"They are not the same," she cried, "I feel in my heart they are not; I feel as though I could appeal to him against you."

"Yet what wrong have I done to you?" he asked.

"Every wrong," she answered. "You have taken me from my own sphere of life, you have placed me in the midst of luxury and splendor, you have brought me where I would not have gone myself."

"You would adorn any sphere, Violet," he said earnestly.

"Your mother does not think so," she said. "You have brought me to a place where I shall never be at home, you have placed me with people I shall never like, and then you ask what wrong you have done me. It seems to me that my young lover of St. Byno's would have done none of these things."

"Darling, I am as much your lover as I was at St. Byno's—nay more. Here comes Monica with her dogs. Violet, I have only time to say a few words more. Have patience two or three days longer, and then you shall never have another regret. You shall be happy, my darling. Give me one kiss before Monica comes."

There was little warmth in the kiss; but Monica smiled when she saw the salute.

She loved her beautiful, high-spirited sister-in-law, and wished everything was *couleur de rose* for her.

"*L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.*" While Lord Ryvers was thinking how he could best bring the tangled knot of his difficulties into one strand, the cloud was darkening over Ryverswell.

The greatest events in life often spring from slight causes; an awkward footman brought about the chief incident in the life of Violet, Lady Ryvers.

It was an evening in the first week in November, and the dowager Lady Ryvers had been considerably ruffled during the day; nothing had gone right with her, a hundred little trifles light as air had annoyed her, she was not in the most amiable of moods.

A footman, passing near her with a glass of wine on a small silver salver, stumbled, and the wine was spilt over the dress of purple velvet that her ladyship wore.

That was the climax of her anger, and

the consequences of it fell on the unfortunate footman.

He was too clumsy, she declared, to remain in her service, and was accordingly dismissed at once.

Two days later a new servant had taken his place.

One of the duties of the footman had been to take the letters to the dowager.

On the morning after his arrival he, being new to his duties, made what turned out to be a terrible mistake by taking the letters to Lady Ryvers instead of the dowager Lady Ryvers.

There were but two, both addressed "The Lady Ryvers, Ryverswell Castle, Kent."

Violet did not doubt for a moment but that they were hers, although she wondered who her correspondents could be.

The first envelope she opened contained a circular from the famous Madame Elise, which Violet read with some curiosity.

Then she took up the second letter, and looked at it with some interest.

Who would be likely to write to her?

The envelope was large, thick, and blue; there was no crest or monogram.

Although she wondered much from whom it came, Violet sat for some minutes with it unopened in her hand.

She could not tell afterwards whether it was some foreboding of coming evil that had made her defer breaking the seal.

When at length she did so, she read the letter slowly; but she was long in understanding it perfectly.

"Lincoln's Inn, London, Nov. 3rd.

"Dear Madam—In accordance with your wish, we have made every possible inquiry with regard to the circumstances attending your son's marriage.

"Mr. MacIvors has himself been down to St. Ryno's to investigate the matter personally.

"He has examined the register, spoken to the clergyman, and the result is that he finds no formality has been omitted to render the ceremony valid.

"We therefore in a position to state most positively that there is no flaw whatever in the marriage, which is perfectly legal in every way.

"By your ladyship's desire we have consulted one of the most eminent Queen's Counsel as to whether the marriage could be annulled on account of his lordship's being under age, and the opinion given is decidedly adverse.

"We consider nothing further remains to be done, and beg to subscribe ourselves your ladyship's obedient servants,

"BARNARD & MACIVORS.

"To the Lady Ryvers."

What did it mean?

She knew no firm of Barnard & MacIvors. Of whose marriage were they writing to her?

Her mind seemed suddenly blank.

Then a terrible thought flashed into her mind, an idea so horrible that it seemed for a few moments to paralyse her.

She read the letter again, and again looked at the address.

It was not for her—that was certain.

She had opened a letter intended for Randolph's mother, and had read its contents. Quite slowly the dreadful truth came home to her.

She had opened her mother-in-law's letter, who had evidently been writing to this firm of lawyers to see if it were possible, on any ground whatever, to annul her marriage with Randolph.

Slowly but surely the truth came home to her.

This was what her husband's mother had done.

She sat silent for some time with the silence of despair; then she said to herself—

"I will take the letter to her, and I will annul my marriage myself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Love And Roses.

BY JULIA B. TORRET.

CHAPTER I.

"THIS is a fine state of affairs, little wife—a pretty piece of business for a staid married man and father of a family!"

"What do you mean, dear husband?"

"There, read it—you will find it worth your while to read this remarkable epistle which I have just received."

My wife stopped washing the silver coffee-pot—which had served me well at the breakfast table—dried her hands, and taking the following letter from me, read it aloud:

"IMMORTAL POET—Pardon an humble admirer at the lyrical altar of your imperishable fame, for addressing you without any right or excuse, except that which arises from her uncontrollable enthusiasm. Although this freedom that I take upon myself, you probably have never seen equalled, in the circle in which cold etiquette waves her icy sceptre, yet I still feel that your exceeding goodness will pardon me.

"You have now reached the pinnacle of renown, where you belong less to yourself than to the rest of mankind; and so, even such an insignificant mortal as myself, whose heart's inmost chords have been awakened into feeling by your immortal songs, dares assert her claim to you.

"I need not say that with streaming eyes and beating heart I have read every line that your richly gifted pen has contributed to the great song-concert of our poet heroes.

"Yes, still more, most idolized of living songsters, every word of inspiration created by your spirit has burned its way into my heart and brain, and every night your little volume of priceless poems rests upon my heart, lulling me to slumber.

"In the name of future generations let me thank you for your soulful melodies which will be heard in every age to come, and find an echo in the uttermost parts of the world!

"With what inexpressible sympathy have I listened in rapture to your songs? While I write the tears are dropping down upon this sheet, for I have just been reading on page 310 of your little book, the poem entitled: 'The sorrows of a world-weary man.'

"Ah, how every word bleeds with feeling! A life of sorrow and shattered hopes are vividly painted there!

"It is no empty compliment for me to say that Homer, Dante, and Oskar von Redwitz, among the many verses they have written, have never been able to excite me to tears.

"But I am trifling with your valuable time; yet I ask forbearance one moment longer.

"You ended that poem with the cry:—

> 'Could I but touch, with wand love,
> Some heart's deep fount of feeling,
> I'd count each flow of love's return,
> As the bliss of Heaven revealing!'

"I believe it is my mission to direct the sprays of my heart's fountain upon you; to comfort you through your sorrowful life's journey, to heal the wounds of your sensitive spirit!

"All that I ask is to gaze into your deep blue eyes, to walk with you in the same meadows, of sunshine and flowers, to breathe the same air as you!

"I agree with you perfectly in your exquisite poem, Solitude. How charmingly you have pictured your life in the country, unbroken by all worldly sounds.

"I feel impelled to invite myself to such a communion! So you may expect me next Monday afternoon, at five o'clock—the second P. M. train.

"I cannot come earlier, as my new cloak will not have returned from the dressmaker's. With eternal veneration,

"Your sympathetic dualistic soul,

"VIOLA SCHNEIDER."

Frau Amalie Hellborn, my dear wife, opened to their fullest extent, her great brown eyes, those eyes that had so often been my inspiration, opened them so wide that they rivalled that other black well into which my goosequill was ever dipping

"And what do you intend to do now?" she said; and because my expression betrayed nothing, and my lips did not satisfy her curiosity, she repeated: "What do you intend to do, I ask you, husband?"

"What do I intend to do?" at last I made answer. "Really, I have not the slightest idea what."

"Well then, I must tell you, Alfred, that I have a decided idea what I would do in the case, if I were a man.

"I would have a strong policeman in readiness at the station, and straightway have this wicked person, who longs to elope with another woman's husband, arrested for an attempt at bigamy."

I endeavored to explain to my wife that the charge of bigamy against my correspondent without proof, could not be sustained, and what was of some weight in the matter, I had no desire to elope with her, and in all probability never would entertain such a thought, at least, casting a roguish glance down upon her, as long as such a pretty little woman holds possession of my heart.

This evidently pacified Frau Amalie.

"What kind of a creature can this scandalous person be?" she said.

"I imagine she is a long lank young lady of very mature years, with a secret attachment for spectacles, and a pronounced display of elbow sleeves, and short dresses; a smattering of music, plays and sings selections from the opera in dramatic style.

"And it also seems to me that she raves over Geibel, Puttlitz, and in spite of my modesty, I must add, most of all, over Alfred Hellborn.

"If you will also credit her with a sympathetic inclination toward young divines, who are in need of sisterly affection and embroidered slippers, then I think she stands before you!"

"But she certainly must be a hateful old thing!" supplemented my indignant little wife.

"A perfect virago, no doubt!" I declared.

"And it would be just like her to stay here two weeks!"

"Oh, six months, at the least, it will not be easy to get rid of her.

"It is always terribly hard for ladies to tear themselves away from me!"

"Mr. Vanity!" exclaimed my wife, giving me a gentle tap on the cheek. But we must do something quickly!"

"That is true, we must do something!"

"I, myself, will answer her—quite plainly—I will say—"

"Oh, no you will not! I will think it over, and tell you at dinner time. Until then, I must go and weed my strawberry beds. Good-by, my heart."

CHAPTER II.

IT is high time for a notice of myself.

I suppose my poems are known to the worthy reader, either in the original, or through the criticisms of the journals, that fate has inflicted upon me, in the review-articles, those veritable executioners, that have attempted to annihilate me, with dozens of my contemporaries.

But that has not hindered daily applications for my autograph.

Indeed, I verily believe I could make a fortune with my hair—if it were as long as the Franco-Atlantic cable—for I could cut it off in various lengths, and sell the precious locks to my numerous admirers, by apprising them of the sale by advertising in the newspapers.

It is most enjoyable to be so celebrated. It is always flattering, upon festive occasions to be invited to deliver the poem of the evening; and above all, to see young ladies at watering places, and on steamboats absorbed in one's poetry, has an exhilarating effect.

But the case has also its shadowy side.

It is a disturbing thought, that the world is inclined to look with microscopic eyes into the lives of its gifted men.

It is easily comprehended that there are things which a sensitive man, however famed he may be, prefers to have shielded in privacy.

After the candle of publicity is blown out, he does not want the great public to pry through the keyhole.

And I have never been able to endure such infringements with perfect equanimity.

A celebrated poet is possessed with a nervous consciousness, and made to feel when washing his hands, as if the whole auditory of a theatre sat on the other side of the wash-stand!

And then, perhaps because my poems are so strikingly life-like.

I have never been yet been able to convince the people, that every line I write is founded upon fancy and not upon reality. I am no "Lost Soul," but can I not give poetical expression to the cry of sorrow of such a creature, if I feel so disposed, without becoming identified with the same? By no possibility!

Can I not create a lyrical effusion on "The complaints of a disabled worker?" Impossible! for if I should, the next journal published, would contain a pitiful biographical notice, stating that I have had a hard struggle with life, and have worked my way up to fame from a lower stratum of existence.

In boyhood the world would be informed I gained my daily bread by peddling clay figures, of praying boys, and cats with moving heads, and that my wonderful talent was discovered by chance, in the following remarkable way, etc.

And all emotional young ladies revere me as the bearer of a soul's sorrow, because I, the happy husband and father, have in the most hypocritical manner, put into rhyming verse, touching love sighs and laments, Alfred Hellborn! Immortal songster!

I really do not know whether to call you an unfortunate creature on account of your fame or not.

But of all evils resulting from this fame none can equal the horror of the present. A young lady who meets your genius with rapturous sympathy, is coming to you to remain for an indefinite length of time, to soothe your soul with dualistic balsam—to adore you!

I could pretend that my wife had no unoccupied guest chamber!

But what help would that be?

Had I not had published in black and white:

> Oh, my dreams in sleep, how sweet and fair.
> Where the roses bloom in the moonlit air!

So the young lady would be fully prepared to find my house unprovided with hair mattresses and feather beds, and be ready for any emergency, even to spending the nights on a garden bench!

I might say my wife had no dainties in her cup-board, a slander, which, in the estimation of such a housekeeper as Frau Amalie, could find no parallel from the bitterest of mortal tongues. Neither would they have any effect:

> Underneath the rustling leaves,
> In the forest's densest shade,
> Are our meals of Nature's manna,
> On the soft cool mosses laid.

Had I not written those very words?

Evidently there was no means of terrifying the young lady!

These thoughts possessed my mind as I weeded my beds.

It was almost noon.

I had nearly finished the third bed, without having decided what disposition had best be made of this romantic maiden.

I stood up to relieve my bent back of its cramp and curves, and beheld strolling through the garden, Herr Hellborn, Jr., a young hopeful, who had the honor of being my nephew.

He had been visiting us for several weeks for his health's sake.

The history of this young man was a sorrowful one.

As the eldest son of rich but honest parents, brought up in the lap of luxury, he had succeeded in obtaining a creditable position among men of culture.

By an iron energy he had overcome the difficulties and drawbacks of wealth, and had developed into an energetic worker, a zealous, useful young man.

The circumstances of his family were such that I have observed the necessity of their living upon oysters and goose-liver pastries through the entire week; while their only protection from the severity of winter consisted of a few black, poison-permeated holes, through which the hot air rushed, from the inlaid floor of their drawing-room.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties my nephew has thrived, and now presents a healthful, handsome appearance.

But the shadow of sorrow had fallen upon his soul.

He evidently had reached that period of heart-throbs—that time of teething for grown-up children—the first love.

And he had a very bad attack.

It affected his appetite, and his sleep to such an extent that his parents thought my country air would be a beneficial change, and so they forwarded him to me, with the request, that I should amuse him until the time should come for him to sojourn at the summer resort where he spent the height of the season.

As Arthur, my nephew, now came sauntering toward me, a thought flashed into my head.

Could not the visit of this interesting young lady exert a diverting influence over him?

Could he not relieve me of this impending trial, and at the same time find healthful occupation for himself?

Walking along with folded arms and a face whereon graceful melancholy sat enthroned, he approached me, unconscious of my proximity until he had stepped upon my best strawberry plant; then he saw me, and stepped back.

"Arthur," said I, "this country stillness bores you almost beyond endurance; now, confess that it is so, my boy!"

"Well, uncle, to tell the truth," he replied, "that is the fact, the undeniable fact!"

"I thought so. Well, it is perfectly natural!"

"Your heavy sorrow explains the apathy that possesses you.

"You saw a pretty charming maiden at a concert; she returned your admiring glances with a bold eye, quickly followed by a blush.

"The beauty of her face held your soul in bondage, until the last sound of the opera died away.

"Then each of you went on your way. You have never met since, and yet her fair image is indelibly photographed upon your heart.

"The fact is, you were created for each other, so it stands to reason that one cannot exist without the other.

"Country air, fresh vegetables, my companionship, avoidance of night air, are all of no good—is it not so?"

"Lamentably so, uncle!"

"So we must try a new remedy. And I have it ready for use! I have discovered what will help you, until you again return to the city to resume your search after the lovely unknown.

"You need a little excitement, and I have it in store for you!"

"Tell me what it is!"

I took the small package of incense, the letter from Fraulein Viola Schneider from my breast pocket, and gave it to my nephew to read.

After he had acquainted himself with the contents, which evidently amused him hugely, he returned it to me with a roguish glance.

"Naturally," I continued. "I am perplexed as to how I should meet these overtures.

"I am a married man, a sober father of a family, of cool and calm blood, in affairs of this kind.

"Of course I am a romancer, and compose moonshine verses, but whenever I indulge in a moonlight ramble, I always am tenderly solicitous of my rheumatic bones, and feel far from poetic.

"Indeed, I pay no head to those concerns, which effect all stripes of genius. But let us imagine a case: Suppose I had a nephew, a handsome, well-appearing young man, who cultivated a natural tendency to chatter with young ladies, and possessed a remarkable ability for wild pranks.

"Suppose he bore the same name as I had fallen heir to the same intellectual brow, and had—in the course of events, which we will not discuss here—acquired the same expression of romantic melancholy.

"And, in short, we will suppose that he had taken it into his head to personate his uncle, to borrow the lyre of this gifted man to play the poet for a few days before the eyes of a charming admirer of poets.

"Well, what do you think of the supposition?"

"It would be a famous joke!

"But it was not necessary for you to deliver such an oration to——"

"You will, then?"

"I cannot help myself, it seems!"

"Your hand upon it!"

"Here is my hand. When is she to come?"

"As you have read, in the five o'clock train next Monday afternoon. Your aunt and I will drive you to the station to meet her.

"Play your role well, and it will be a mystery to me, if we do not have royal sport."

We left the garden.

He with a much lighter step, and I, to reveal the plan to my wife, who was enough of a merry-maker herself to pronounce the idea excellent, and now laughingly promised to have the best chamber in readiness for our enthusiastic guest.

CHAPTER III.

ARTHUR began the rehearsals for our small comedy with admirable zeal. He had never in his life, not even in his most sentimental hour, conceived the idea of presenting so much as a jingling rhyme to the world.

Now his admiration for poets and their melodies seemed to have no limit.

He took the little volume of my gems, and selecting those passages, that were

glowing with the fire of genuis, learned to repeat them like a parrot.

This prosy-poet had slight appreciation of the beauties of thought and metre.

He parted his hair in the middle, studiously settled his neck-tie awry, and twisted his shirt collar around, in order to play the absent-minded, dreaming poet, when he appeared at the tea-table.

The role suited him exceeding well.

Monday afternoon my wife and I accompanied him in my carriage to the depot.

After we had given the horse into the care of my small groom, we stationed ourselves on the platform, where we were not compelled to endure the weariness of long waiting, for the train soon appeared with a shriek, stopped with a jerk, and out rushed men, women, and children, with boxes, bags, and bundles.

But I scanned the crowd in vain, searching for the one that would correspond to my idea of Viola Schneider.

Of course many spectacles were peering about, but none of them looked as if they were in quest of a poet.

There were also a number of elderly young ladies, with melancholy tones of various degrees, in their voices, but these voices were confined to solicitous questionings about their baggage; no one asked the way to the house of Herr Hellborn.

I was in the act of turning to my wife and Arthur with the remark: "It looks like a practical joke!" when a fresh, childlike voice, close behind me, asked the question—

"Can you tell me which way I must go to find the house of the poet Hellborn?"

"H-u-s-h!"

I quickly whispered, nudging Arthur with the elbow, "Now for it!"

"I am Hellborn, Fraulein," said the young man, turning without hesitation toward the small veiled figure that had put the question.

"Then I hope that I am addressing my fair correspondent?"

The girlish being before us threw back her veil with a small hand that trembled from excitement, and the face she then revealed was neither that of a Gorgon, or of a Sphynx, but a wonderfully pretty face of an eighteen year old girl, who was blushing up to the roots of her hair, evidently keenly feeling the embarrassment of her position.

But has Hellborn Jr., gone mad at this revelation of youth and beauty?

What in all the world is there about such a timid little sylph to deprive a young man,—before all these people!—of his self-possession so utterly and entirely that his face blanched to deathly whiteness, while he clutches my arm like one gone daft?

"It is she!—it is she!"—came in faint accents into my ear, "the girl I saw at the concert!"

Ah! who would have dreamed it?

But in the first moment, my only thought was that this discovery would rob him of the courage to carry out our plans, that he would let this grand opportunity to honor himself slip through his fingers.

But, no! he soon over-stepped my boldest hopes.

As if by an instant's reflection, he had calculated the advantage of being surrounded by a poetical halo while winning his fair charmer, in a moment he was master of himself again, and wasted no time in clasping the hand of Fraulein Viola Schneider.

"Permit me to conduct you to my carriage, Fraulein," said Arthur, "it is only the unpretentious conveyance of an humble poet, but it will be made sacred if it can serve you!"

The two went forward: my wife and I close behind them, casting as we proceeded many a side glance of admiration.

"She is not quite so ugly as you declared, Madame Hellborn!" remarked I softly.

"Nor such a long, lank person of mature years, as you imagined!" laughingly replied my wife.

We were both compelled to acknowledge the pictures we had drawn of her were basely untrue.

She was a girl, as I said before, of about eighteen, with great, dreamy eyes, in which a peculiar softness lay.

A refined attractive face, that reflected your own thoughts, when you talked earnestly with her, and who could speak otherwise to such a being?

And her fairy-like form resembled those which, one need not be astonished to find in the depths of the forest, dancing on the spears of grass, sipping dew from the cups of the flowers, and listening to the fairy tales hummed by the bees.

Arthur assisted the young girl into our vehicle, sprang in himself, on the front seat beside her, and after his aunt and I had climbed in behind, he turned around to us, and with amazing coolness, smilingly said—

"Fraulein Schneider, permit me to make you acquainted with an uncle and aunt of mine, both of whom have the misfortune to be born deaf and dumb.

"They were for a long time at Dr. Hartwich's Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Mischlury, where they first learned to know each other.

Fortunately they have overcome this pitiful failing of nature, sufficiently to understand, by the motion of your lips, all that you say to them, but unhappily they are utterly incapable of——"

The detestable, barefaced rascal!

I know what he was in the act of saying; it was, "speech!"

My wife and I looked at each other shocked at the prospect of having such a terrible ban laid upon our tongues, Heaven alone knew for how long!

And so I caught hold of his arm, with a spasmodic grip, gave him a shake, and pulling out my note book, wrote in desperate haste:

"For mercy's sake, say that we can at least speak a little, if only in a disconnected way!"

The rogue looked at us with a mischievous smile, and wrote beneath my words:

"If she had been old and ugly—who would then have had the pleasure?

"I think for the risk, I have taken upon myself, that we now stand about even!"

My wife and I sat there in the most literal sense, dumb.

Arthur whipped up the horse, and turning again to his companion, completed his sentence:

"They are utterly incapable of articulating a single sound."

The Fraulein then shook hands with us both, over the back of her seat, while her face trembled with childlike compassion.

"Poor, poor people!" murmured she to the abominable joker.

"And they look so pleasant and intelligent too!

"The lady has a pretty face, and the gentleman a very healthful and animated countenance, but—I should never imagine him to be the near relative of a poet!"

"Why not, my discriminating friend?"

Viola blushed. "I should not speak of it, if the poor man is your uncle, but there is something so prosaic in his physiognomy. Has he ever read any of your beautiful poems?"

"I will ask him. Uncle, have you ever read any of my beautiful poems?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fairyland.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

"WHAT a pretty spring!" said a young Englishwoman.

"Yes, my lady, that's 'Larry come,'" said her Irish guide, a sharp-looking man in a frieze jacket and brogans.

"'Larry come,' What an odd name for a spring!" said the lady.

"Yes, my lady. But just listen a bit, don't you hear the water as it falls seeming to say something?"

"Yes," replied the lady, "I do. It seems to have a voice."

"And listen a bit longer," said the man, "and you'll hear 'Larry, come," as plain as you'll spake it."

"Yes, I do," said the lady, "I do. How strange!"

"That's why it's named so. The spell is off it now. It's a Christian spring, and a rock with no harm in it; but in my grandfather's time it was a fairy well and a fairy rock. When my grandfather was a little boy—a hundred and ninety years ago——"

"A hundred and ninety years! Your grandfather?" said the lady.

"No wonder you're surprised, my lady," said the man. "An' no wonder at all.

"An' it's more surprised you'll be, a dale more, when I've tould the whole.

"'Tis a hundred and ninety years ago.

"My grandfather was a bit of a boy, with never a care in the world but to drive the cow home at night.

"The cow was just all that troubled him.

"The rest of the day he played in the dirt, or washed it off his feet at the spring there—the same spring with the same voice, and a tempting one that iver and always seems calling to him through the bush of the evening, 'Larry, come; Larry, come," softer than his mother did—when the cow and Larry were missing together, and not a sup of milk for the stirabout.

"They were very poor people, his mother and father.

"Just a bit of patch and the cow atwixt them and want; but Larry was as happy as a duke's son, and happier only whin the cow was missing.

"Then, whin it was getting dark, the mother would cry out to them—

"'Sure your father'll be onasy for his supper, the craythur. Go for the cow, Larry, go for the cow. And mind you,' she'd say, 'dont stop at the fairy hill, for the love of Heaven,' she'd say, 'for it's not lucky at all, at all, to be at the fairy hill when night is coming on.'

"And then away would Larry go through the woods, and as he passed it he'd hear the spring calling him—

"'Larry, come. Larry, come!' as it pattered on the rock.

"Everybody knew the story of the hill in them days.

"Once in a hundred years its side opened just for half a second, and whoever was near by caught just one peep into fairyland.

"Some had gone in, and there was never time for them to come out again, and no good Christian wanted to see the sight, though, sure, 'twas said to be illegant—all gold and jewels, and dancing and music, and the like o' that.

"And perhaps Larry's mother didn't half believe herself when she'd say—

"'Hurry home, Larry, lad, for if you're along side the hill whin it's afther opening, it's swallowed up you'll be, for you'd never kape your nose out of it.'

"Maybe she did it to frighten the lad home the sooner; but somehow it never did it.

"What with the water rippling and splashing—'Larry, come; Larry, come,"in his ears, and the stories of the 'well opening,' he was mad afther the place.

"There was talk, too, that the spring called the name of the next poor craythur it was to swallow a hundred years before it opened, and that set him thinking; but others didn't hear the name as plain as he, and some said 'twas Biddy, and some Micky it pattered out.

"'And I hear Benny,' says the little brother that used to go with him after the cow now and then. 'Och, Larry, dear, I hope the hill will never swallow me.'

"But there they'd stand staring at it.

"It was an autumn night—my grandfather minds well—when the mother cried out to him the way she had—

"'Larry, go fetch the cow, and Ben go along with him, and mind you, don't idle on the way, or I'll take my slipper to you both.'

"And Ben and Larry started with that along the road calling 'Cusha, cusha, cusha,' and hearing no signs of the cow

"'It's in the wood she is,' says Larry, and into it they went, and there they found her; and home they drove her along the path.

"The woods were dark, and through the trees the sun that was setting looked like a thatch on fire, and faint and sweet, like a fairy voice, the spring pattered out—

"'Larry, come,' plainer than ever.

"'Just stop for a drink,' says Larry.

"'Mother bid us not,' says Ben.

"'I am that dry I must,' says Larry.

"Then he stooped down to drink and when he had his fill Ben took his, and as Larry raised his head, he saw a sight that took his breath away.

"The hill was open; there was fairyland.

"And what do you think came into the boy's mind.

"'The cow,' says he to himself, 'is the trouble of my life, and the fairy hill opens once in a hundred years. I'll drive her in, and good-bye to my bother forever, and no blame to me either.'

"With that he swung his stick, and said 'Whish!' to the cow.

"'Larry, come,' pattered the spring; and he had followed the cow into fairyland, and the rock had closed behind him.

"Well, he was but a child, you see, and it was all very fine, and for a while he stared about him. He'd never tell much of it. It was all gold and jewels and fine things, and the fairies made much of him—that's all. But after a while his heart began to ache for home and mammy, and wouldn't he have been glad to be driving Mooly home again? But all in vain he begged to be let out.

"How long it was he was there he never could tell by his feelings. There's no time in Fairyland. It seemed to have been a week, when one day there was a great commotion—and asking a fine fairy that had been a friend to him, what it was—he heard the hill was to open.

"And then he made a vow that, come what would, he'd get out of fairyland, go home to his mother, and drive the cow before him, and never be unthankful for his blessings again.

"And he took the craythur by a goold chain the fairies had put about its neck, and stood watching, and sure enough, all of a sudden, crack went the golden wall, and there was the sweet green world agrin, and with a shriek he dragged Mooly outside, and there he was in the woods beside the spring, and the sun setting beyant in a great red glare, the shadow on the path, all just as he'd left it.

"'Oh, mammy, cries he. 'Oh, daddy, glad I'll be to get home to you; and is Benny safe, and was he frightened?'

"'Cusha, cusha,' says he, 'Come, cusha, it's milking time.' And away he drives her, and on he goes, and the trees look bigger to him, and he didn't know the houses, and where was his own at all.

"A fright came over him. He sat down on the ground and began to cry.

"What ails ye, lad?' said someone.

"He looked up, an it was a big, brown farmer man.

"'I'm looking for the house,' says he.

"'And who may ye be?' says the man.

"'I'm Larry Mor.arty,' says he.

"'And I know none of that name but ourselves,' says the man.

"Then he looked at the child, and at the cow with the goold chain about it neck.

"And says he—

"'Lord above us, where is it you have been?'

"And says Larry—

"'In the fairy hill. I and little Benny was driving home the cow and it opened, and I can't find my way home now they've let me out.'

"Wid that the farmer caught him in his arms, and carried him into the house, and in a great chair by the fire sat an old man, a hundred and eight years old that day.

"'Grandfather,' says the man, 'can you remember little Larry that was swallowed up in the fairy hill a hundred years ago?'

"And the old man nodded feebly.

"'Yes, yes,' he said. I'll never forget that.'

"And somehow Larry knew that that was his little brother Ben, that he had left a child of eight years old. He'd been in the hill a hundred years, so had the cow; and age had not touched them. They were just as old as the day they went in, and no older.

"Well, the truth flew over the country, and people came to see the child that was but ten years old, and yet grand-uncle to a man of forty, and some didn't believe it, and some did; but he grew up to marry my own grandmother that was born a hundred years after he was, and he was alive a year ago; and often I've sat on his knee here, and listened to the water. The hill was half dug away long ago, and it's a fairy hill no more; but you mind the water keeps on saying just what it did—'Larry, come, Larry, come,' and my grandfather never quite liked it, for they say them that have lived in fairyland once, go there when they die; and that's a thought to frighten a Christian; and," said Larry, taking of his cap, "it's the sort of story that makes a man mighty dry. Thank ye, my lady."

Scientific and Useful.

TARNISH.—To remove tarnish from German silver drawing-instruments, use very fine emery-paper or crocus-paper.

OIL.—Castor-oil five parts, thinned with refined petroleum one part, is a good lubricating oil for bicycles, or any other fine machinery. Good sweet cold-pressed lard-oil mixed with petroleum in the same proportion as above is also excellent.

SPIRITS OF NITRE.—It is not generally known, but it appears to be true, that the sweet spirits of nitre when kept for a long while is converted from a harmless remedy into a deadly poison. Druggists should print on their labels "use only when newly made."

GLASS.—Glass ornaments, cut to imitate diamonds, rubies, etc., are now made in Paris, and they are illuminated by a small incandescent lamp, whose power comes from a small battery which is concealed upon the person. The brilliancy of the ornaments can be easily imagined.

GLASS PIPES.—The suggestion has been made that sanitary advantages would result from the use of sewer pipes of glass. They would, doubtless, be expensive, but they would, probably, be very durable, and their hard, smooth surface would offer no lodgment for refuse matter thus offsetting the question of cost.

FIREPROOF CEILING.—A fireproof ceiling has been invented. It is composed of tiles supported from joists by hangers, and hanging facing tiles placed against the sides of the joists and top tiles placed between the upper joists. The top tiles and the tops of the joists are covered by a layer of cement, rendering the ceiling secure against fire.

BALDNESS.—Brushes or combs used on the heads of persons afflicted with scaly baldness will communicate the disease to other heads, and Dr. O. Lassar considers that baldness is spread by hair-dressers who employ combs and brushes on their customers, one after another, without any regular cleansing of these articles after they are used.

WATERPROOF.—Waterproof clothing which allows a free passage for respiration can be prepared by dipping in a solution of acetate of alumina. The latter is made by adding a solution of acetate of lead to a solution of alum, and decanting the mixture from the sulphate of lead which is precipitated. The articles are dipped into this liquid and allowed to dry without wringing them.

Farm and Garden.

TONICS.—One of the best tonics for poultry is composed of one ounce sulphuric acid, one pound copperas and eight quarts of water. Put a tablespoonful of the solution in a six-quart drinking vessel. It invigorates poultry, reddens the combs, and assists to ward off disease.

A HINT ON DRAINAGE.—Some one has made the shrewd remark that, if the growing season appears too short to allow crops to fully mature on your farm, it will pay to remember that you can really lengthen it several days by having your land thoroughly underdrained. This will not only place the soil condition to work earlier, but will also make it warmer so that plants will grow more rapidly.

FEEDING.—Economical feeding is an important factor in stock breeding. In regard to grinding grain for feeding, it has been shown in every case in which a test has been made that meal is worth about one-third more than whole grin. The same is true, too, of hay, of which fifteen pounds cut into chaff and fed with meal are equal to twenty pounds fed in its natural condition. Linseed meal (ground oil cake) is an excellent food for stock when fed with grain and rough feed.

COAL AND WOOD ASHES.—A practical farmer who burns both coal and wood in different stoves makes a practice of mixing the ashes and applying all on his young orchard in the spring. He believes that the potash of the wood ashes is effective in small quantities, and that its addition to the coal ashes makes the latter much more absorptive of ammonia or nitric acid from the atmosphere. At any rate, he finds good results from the mixture, and his young orchard is unusually thrifty and productive.

CHLORIDE OF LIME.—Chloride of lime, when used on the manure heap, not only disinfects it but is an advantage in arresting the escape of ammonia. When mixed with plenty of dry dirt, and thoroughly mingled with the materials of the compost heap, it is invaluable. The materials, however, should be kept under cover. Chlorine gas is easily liberated from chloride of lime; and as the gas will not remain uncombined it readily acts upon organic and mineral matter, not only "fixing" the volatile substances but changing the form and composition of many of the solid substances.

TOBACCO JUICE.—The vapor of tobacco juice has been tested in France, with great success, as an insect destroyer in hothouses. Instead of burning or smoking the tobacco, it is slaked or boiled; the juice is then placed over a chafing dish, a fire, or the flame of an ordinary lamp, and deposited in the greenhouse or conservatory. Delicate plants which are very sensitive to smoke are not injured by this vapor, and it leaves no offensive atmosphere, while it effectively disposes of thrips, scale insects, and slugs. One quart of tobacco juice vaporized in a house contains 350 cubic feet is an ample amount.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 29, 1884.

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LEISURE TIME.

That there should be any doubt as to what *is* leisure, may at a first glance appear an absurd idea. Nevertheless, there is leisure *and* leisure. There is a positive leisure and an active leisure, a reflective leisure, and a leisure of performance, founded upon the principle that "absence of occupation is not rest." There is true leisure and a leisure falsely so called.

The victims of this last are almost as much to be pitied as are those to whom the blessing of leisure is denied. They are the beings whose lives appear to the thoughtless to be all leisure. "They toil not, neither do they spin." They appear to lead an enviable existence; but only appear. All pleasure, even more than all work, makes life dull. Pleasures are the sweets of existence, and a diet of all sweets soon palls and nauseates.

Paradoxical as it may seem, all leisure is no leisure. It is the mere pleasure-seekers and sheer idlers who find most of the bitterness of Dead Sea fruit in the taste of life who are most inclined to answer negatively the momentous question, "Is life worth living?"

Leisure, to be true and enjoyable, must be reward of labor—must be earned. It may be used restfully and lightly in taking our favorite amusements, or cultivating "the social relations;" or it may be applied to some specific and tangible labor of love; some study or occupation taken up for the mere love of it; and quite distinct from often, indeed, curiously in contrast to, the calling daily followed for daily bread; or from ambition, where the necessity to labor for daily bread does not exist.

Such labors do not tire—they invigorate. Shakspeare has it, "The labor we delight in physics pain." And that which delights the voluntary laborer may enrich the world, "not for age only, but for time everlasting."

Leisure, like other good things, is sometimes abused or misused; but, speaking generally, it is one of the most potent of humanizing influences. Happily, it is to a certain extent possible to make leisure. Of this we have proofs in all ranks of life, from the humble artisan to the great statesmen who have "to bear the weightiest of monarchies."

A Gladstone comes before the world as the first of Homeric critics, and a Beaconsfield gives us *the* novel of a season; while a "Robert Dick, baker, of Thurso, geologist and botanist"—whose struggles and trials have been so eloquently put upon record—makes leisure to get together, single-handed, collections which professors and colleges, with all their means and appliances, cannot equal.

Such examples as these should be as beacons to us all. To secure a well-regulated exercise of our faculties, leisure is absolutely essential.

We should strive, therefore, to earn, or, if need be, to make it. Farther, we should endeavor to so use it that its results may in some higher sense of the word prove profitable as well as pleasant, always remembering that a well-spent leisure indicates a well-spent life.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THERE is considerable dissatisfaction in many church choirs in New York City because of the tendency to cut down the salaries of the singers. Many of them have given notice of their intention to leave, while other threaten to follow.

—

THE man or woman who engages in some congenial, regular work will never be on the brink of despair; their names will never be chronicled in the list of self-destroyers, for in idleness alone is despair. Work chases it away, no matter how thickly the clouds may have gathered. Nature is one vast workshop, teeming with millions of busy workmen. If we follow in their footsteps, all will be well. The beauties, gifts and glories of nature may be scattered around us in great profusion, yet she demands toil to reach out and grasp them, and utilize them to fancies and wants.

—

A FOOLISH consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. If you would be a man, speak what you think to-day, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks, though you shall contradict all you have said to-day. Here is a maxim of philosophy it would be well for the world to see boldly acted up to. In politics, how much mischief would be avoided, had men the courage to act always on the convictions of the hour. How much obstinate perseverance in what is wrong would be spared the witnessing, if the bugbear consistency did not haunt men as it does.

—

THERE is one reason seldom remarked, which makes riches less desirable. Too much wealth is too frequently the occasion of poverty. He whom the wantonness of abundance has once softened, easily sinks into neglect of his affairs; and he who thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will soon be involved in perplexities which, his inexperience will render insurmountable; he will fly for help to those whose interest it is that he be more distressed, and will be at last torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over fortunes in decay.

—

ENGLISH society is successfully combating the system of late-hour parties, which in the long run proves so detrimental to female beauty. The London leaders of fashion have introduced a series of entertainments called "Cinderellas," which, being interpreted, means parties that end exactly at 12 o'clock. No matter what may be going on at the time, whether a mazy waltz or a stately cotillion, the rule is inexorable that the dancing must cease when the clock sounds the hour of midnight. The festivities begin at an early hour, no elaborate supper is spread, and with the detrimental late hours and late repasts out of the way, the English belles have great hopes of preserving their good looks.

—

THERE are two ways of dealing with the evils in the world which we justly deplore, and wish to abolish—one is to attack and try to break them down forcibly; the other to dissolve or exhale them by the active presence of good. The former of these methods appears so much the more direct and obvious that it generally gains the first place in our attention. We see a wrong, and our impulse is to crush it; we see an injustice, and we long to exterminate it; we observe an unrighteous institution, and we desire to overthrow it. The slower and less distinct method of overcoming evil with good, of substituting a better way for that which is bad, of devoting the same energy to building up that we would have given to the work of tearing down, obtains a gradual hold over us only with time and experience.

—

EXERCISE oils the joints of the body and prevents them from growing stiff. It needs no money, very little time, little or no present strength. One thing only it does need, and that is perseverance. One-third of the time often given to the piano will more than suffice. One less study a day of those which are to-day overtaxing so many school-girls, and instead of judicious, vigorous out-door exercise, aimed directly at the weak muscles, and taken as regularly as one's breakfast, and is there any doubt which will pay the better, and make the girl the happier, the better fitted for all her duties, and the more attractive as well? It is as necessary to develop vigorous, healthy bodies, as it is to cultivate the mind; for what does mental power amount to without bodily strength?

—

THE printing world in London is much disturbed by the discovery of a new process which enables any number of copies to be taken of any book, even the oldest, without setting a line of type. A compound has been discovered which may be spread upon a page without in the slightest way injuring the paper, and which refuses to rest upon ink. It can be easily removed to a stone, and there becomes the matrix for stereotype, or can be used for printing from at once. Practical printers are experimenting to see whether they cannot save the cost of re-setting old editions, and, if certain practical difficulties are removed, there will be a change not only in the production of facsimiles of old books, but in the reproduction of new ones. It will be no longer necessary to keep type standing, as a proof will be as good as a stereotype plate.

—

IT is related in a European journal that a few months since workmen employed on some constructions on the bank of the River Dnieper, in Central Russia, employed the electric light to enable them to prosecute their labors at night. The brilliant rays of light attracted so many millions of nocturnal moths, beetles, and other insects, that from time to time it was necessary to stop work and set all hands to destroying the clouds of winged victims that frequently completely obscured the light. This suggested the idea of employing the electric light to destroy nocturnal insects prejudicial to agriculture, and experiments in that direction will be made this spring. Not only to insects, but to fish, the light proved fatally attractive. Its rays, directed to the surface of the water, drew together vast quantities of all the fishes found in the Dnieper, and when within the charmed field of illumination, they lay crowded together in masses, seemingly blinded and stupefied. The workmen, improving the opportunity, made a notable haul of fish.

—

"IN the U. S.," says an eminent writer, "the general fashion of extravagance prevailing in respect to forests, is largely due to ignorance. Only lately has the scientific man impressed upon him of average intelligence the necessity of tree-preservation and the desirability of using other materials than lumber for many purposes in which wood was formerly considered indispensable. France, Prussia, and Germany set us an example which it would be wise to consider. Their laws have given rise to a large system of tree-planting, thinning and preserving, and also to an enormous literature regarding arboriculture and cognate subjects. Millions of trees are annually set out, examined and transplanted, and great rainfalls and droughts are obviated, while malaria from both causes is greatly diminished. The ill results of the old denuding process are rapidly disappearing, showing that Nature's capillary clothing must be respected, for utilitarian as well as sentimental reasons."

—

SHEFFIELD has followed the example of one or two other English towns, and formed a Funeral and Mourning Reform Association, the object of which is, if not to dispense with mourning altogether, to prune its extravagances, and enable people of limited means to show respect for the dead without involving themselves in crushing expenses. The ostentatious pageantry which marks an ordinary funeral is repulsive to most sober-minded people. The dismal array of hearse and coaches, nodding plumes, scarfs, crape-trimmings, and all the other furnishings, so dear to the undertaker, mean for poor people a long period of debt and hardship. Death in a family is often nearly as much dreaded because of the expense in which it must involve the bereaved as because of the sundering of lifelong ties. Associations to reform funeral customs are needed, but what is needed more is the resolute conduct of men and women who have the courage of their convictions, and who, when the occasion comes, will not fail to set at naught an extravagant and senseless custom.

—

THE blindness of the late King of Hanover, says a London paper, was occasioned, it is understood, by an accidental and by no means violent blow upon the eye. Scarcely a day passes, we believe, without some schoolmaster, or schoolfellow, in natural imitation of his master, giving a lad a smart "box" upon the ear. Few persons would be bold enough to choose the eye as a part upon which it was expedient to inflict a violent blow by way of moral education, but there is apparently no end to the numbers who select an organ upon which violence is liable to be attended with much more dangerous results. For not only is deafness caused by "boxes," which rupture (as they continually do) the drum of ear, but the inflammation of the internal cavity, which is so frequent a result, may be followed by disease of the bone, giving rise to abcess of the brain, and having a fatal termination. Medical men alone can be fully aware how fruitful a source of suffering and danger is represented by a box upon the ear. There are, for example, under observation at the present moment two school-boys who have been the victims of such an assault. Surely the schoolmasters ought to have learned, long ere this, the danger of a mode of personal chastisement that has apparently usurped the place of others, which were not attended with an equal amount of peril.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

A young maid sat by her cottage tree,
A beautiful maid—at the dawn of day;
Her sewing fell idle upon her knee.
For her heart and her thoughts were far away;
When a sober old wooer came up the dell,
A wooer whose hopes, one would think, were few,
But a maid's heart is a puzzle to tell,—
And tho' old his face, yet his coat was new;
Oh! a young maid's heart is a puzzle to tell,—
And tho' old his face, yet his coat was new.

The wooer he gave her a wistful look,—
And wistful, too, were the words he said;
While merry she sang, like a summer brook,
And play'd with her needle and knotted the thread;
He spoke of the ring and the wedding chime,
He press'd her hand, he bended his knee,
And he begg'd and implor'd her to *fix the time!*
"No, go and ask my mother," said she;
"Oh! fix it yourself, my darling," said he,
"No, go and ask my mother," said she.

Scared into the house had the wooer gone,
When a young man leap'd o'er a neighboring stile,
And sad was the look that the youth put on,
And playful and gay was the maiden's smile;
"Pray, who is this earle that comes here to woo,
And why at your side does he talk so free?
Must I ask your mother, dear Mary, too?"
"No, Harry," she whispered, "you must ask *me!*"
"I'd better go in your mother to see?"
"No, Harry, no—no, you must kneel and ask *me!*"

There was wailing one morn at the village church,
Wailing and weeping and words of woe;
For the wealthy old wooer was left in the lurch
The maid had gone off with a younger beau.
Warmly the sun on the hedgerow glowed,
Warmly it shone on the old farm gate;
And wild was the laughter upon the road,
As Harry rode off with his wedded mate!
"Ha, ha!" cries she,—"Ho, ho! laughed he,
"They may wait along while ere the bride the see!"

Done in Darkness.

BY E. M. BALLANTYNE.

OH how pitiless. So young, so handsome, and yet he has no heart."

She clasped her hands together as she spoke—white, jewelled hands, with the tint of the rose upon them.

It was evening, and the red rays of an Indian sun fell into the apartment, lighting up the vases on the marble table with golden tints, while sombre shadows lurked in the corners of the room.

It was a superbly furnished lady's boudoir, after the Indian fashion, displaying taste, luxury and wealth.

And it was a superbly-attired lady, who reclined so gracefully on the elegant sofa, wringing her jewelled hands, and moaning out her heart's complaint.

"Oh, pitiless, pitiless!"

Once more she moaned aloud, clasping her hands over her bosom.

She was very beautiful, this poor, love-sick woman, masses of pale golden hair, lay coiled around her shapely head, a face of exquisite beauty lit up with a pair of lustrous violet eyes.

She could not be more than five-and-twenty.

The belle of every fete, Cora Bellasmere stood unrivalled among the fair circle of her sex.

Cora was a Colonel's widow, and report said immensely wealthy.

From behind the crimson screen a dark figure draped in white noiselessly entered the apartment, while Mrs. Bellasmere sat dreamily looking into vacancy.

It was the figure of an old Indian woman; jewels and beads shone on her dusky arms and around her neck, while a plain white *saree* draped her figure.

"Madam."

Cora started nervously.

"What—you here. What do you want?"

"Nothing, madam, only my concern for you made me seek you," answered the old woman.

The lady's face softened.

The old woman was her confidential ayah, and she reposed many of her secrets with her.

"Sit down, ayah, and I'll tell you something."

The servant obeyed.

In low, hurried tones, Mrs. Bellasmere began talking to the ayah, ever now and then looking up timidly at the red screen, as if she was fearful of an eavesdropper.

Her face paled once, as if with some inward pain; then, again, she blushed scarlet, hiding her face in her hands.

"He shall be at your feet, madam; rely on me."

The ayah laid her dusky hand on that of her mistress's fair one, and looked meaningly into her eyes.

"And you really put faith, ayah, in this—charm or spell?"

Her voice was husky as she uttered the last three words, and once again she looked nervously towards the red screen.

The ayah rose and whispered the answer in the lady's ear.

Cora smiled now.

"But madam, you have a curious fancy, I must say."

"What do you mean, ayah?"

"There are countless noble-looking gentlemen," replied the Indian, "who would be happy indeed if they could win one smile from my lady, and yet——"

"Yet what?" interrupted the lady, impatiently tapping her feet.

"You have not selected any of these sahibs—handsome officers that they are—manly fellows, but——"

"Speak out," commanded the lady "and don't speak in riddles."

"He is a boy yet, lady," said the ayah, looking into her mistress's face, "whom you have selected, a mere, beardless boy, pretty, perhaps, but as a girl."

Mrs. Bellasmere's eyes flashed angrily.

"He may be young, but he is truly noble looking."

"Cairnsford Sahib is fortunate, that is all I can say."

And a sneering smile curled the ayah's thin lips.

A moment more and she had vanished.

But the lady did not notice the sneer.

"Oh, Erick Cairnsford, how I love you, and you are so very, very pitiless," she murmured.

She sighed deeply as she spoke, toying with the jewels on her fingers the while.

* * * * * *

It was morning, and the warm rays of the sun shone brightly on Bellasmere House.

In the drawing-room the rich silk curtains threw a subdued light all around.

In an easy-chair reclined Cora, her white hands lying idly in her lap.

A servant ushered a gentleman into he lady's presence.

"Mr. Erick Cairnsford,"

With a graceful bow he advanced and took Mrs. Bellasmere's hand.

He was a fair, handsome young fellow, little more than a boy, with an open face and curly brown hair.

Though he had a smile on his lips when he first entered the room, now his brows knitted, and his gaze was fixed on the carpet.

"Erick."

It was the lady who spoke, and bending forward, she touched his hand.

"What ails you, Erick? You spoil your handsome face by that sullen expression," said Mrs. Bellasmere, half reproachfully, half playfully.

"When a fellow is disgusted with everything about him, I think he has reason to be sullen and discontented," answered Erick.

"What disgusts you?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Cora," said Mr. Cairnsford, crossing one leg over the other; "and you musn't blame me if—it I——"

"You can say anything you like, Mr. Cairnsford," interrupted Mrs. Bellasmere.

"Three months ago," continued the young gentleman, "I left C——, where I had resided with my father, on a small tour, to enjoy myself by shooting, *et cetera* and also for a change of air."

"Well?"

"After wandering in the jungles for a fortnight, I had the misfortune one day to drift into this place, where——"

He stopped abruptly, and looked at his fair listener.

"Yes," said the lady, "you left your father's residense and came here."

"I came here," repeated Erick, "and having letters of introduction from my father, who is well known as the richest merchant in that part of the country, had no difficulty in entertaining the first society here. Well, at one of these 'society' balls I met you, and the rest—the rest you know."

"Yes, I know," answered Cora, a sarcastic smile wreathing her ruby lips. "We met again and again; at last one day you declared yourself at my feet,"

She paused, as if to note the effect of her words.

But the young man was silent.

"You vowed eternal love, and we were engaged. And now," she continued, fixing her eyes intently on her lover's face, "all your passionate vows of devotion have vanished. After being publicly acknowledged as my affianced husband, you behaved dastardly towards myself and that girl."

"Dastardly towards what girl?"

Mrs. Bellasmere laughed mockingly.

"Haven't I caught you myself making love to that little thing, Edith Braburn? Silly young fool that she is."

"Enough. I'll not hear anything offensive against Miss Braburn."

And Erick Cairnsford rose hastily.

"I shall see you again this evening; for the present adieu."

Taking up his hat and cane he strode from the room.

She made no attempt to stay him.

She seemed secure in her power.

The ayah's charm would work wonders, she thought, and placed great faith in its power.

What strange freaks Cupid is up to sometimes.

This tall, peerless woman, to fall madly in love with that slender, smooth-faced youth.

* * * * * *

No moon, no stars, dark masses of clouds piled up one on top of another, and the wailing wind muttering in the jungle, with its low, mysterious tone.

In a small, tastefully-furnished little chamber of a respectable bungalow, a slender little figure stood before the mirror.

A girl, with dark brown curls framing a pale, delicate, pretty face.

This was Edith Braburn.

Carefully she put on her hat and cloak, then stepped to the window and peered out into the darkness.

She turned away with a shiver, and thrusting her hand into her dress pocket, brought out a slip of crumpled white paper.

"Be in the clump of babul trees at nine o'clock to-night, and you will see Erick Cairnsford in a new character."

These were the words on the slip of paper, written in a round hand unknown to Edith.

Miss Braburn had received this mysterious communication that morning.

Her woman's curiosity was aroused.

She determined to be in the babul clump at the precise time, to see her lover in "a new character."

Fatal determination!

Stealthily she left the house, looking behind timidly, and starting at every shadow.

Along the deserted road leading to the lonely babul tree clump, a solitary figure was striding along.

The figure of a man, enveloped in a long, dark cloak.

The man carried a dark lantern concealed under the folds of his cloak.

At last he reached the spot, and stood beneath the wide spreading branches of an old giant tree.

Presently he raised the lantern near to his face, and read a slip of paper he took from his brest pocket.

The light fell upon his face, and revealed the features of Erick Cairnsford.

He read the paper aloud.

"Be in the clump of babul trees at nine to-night and you will see Miss Braburn in a new character."

He crushed the paper in his hand and thrust it back into his pocket.

"Mysterious!" muttered Cairnsford to himself; "never saw the hand-writing before. What can it mean?"

He lit a cigar with a match as he spoke, and commenced smoking.

Along the sand path which Cairnsford had just come, a slight figure enveloped in a black cloak came hurriedly on, the wind blowing the covering hither and thither, and revealing the ample skirts of a woman's dress beneath it.

"By Jove! 'tis a woman. Can it be Edith?"

As he spoke, Erick bent forward, trying vainly to peer into the darkness.

On she came exactly to the spot where Cairnsford stood.

The next moment a third dark figure appeared upon the scene, emerging out of a bush of brambles lying in the shadows of the trees.

"Mystery!"

Erick Cairnsford held his breath as he softly whispered the word.

Crash!

A sudden, sharp report, followed by a woman's wailing shriek of agony.

With a bound, Erick sprang forward, as he beheld the dark figure of a man throw down a smoking pistol and then disappear among the trees.

The youth sprang forward and knelt beside the wounded form, raising his lantern above it.

"Oh, Edith—my Edith! Great Heaven! she is dead!"

He flung the lantern on the grass, and struck his forehead with his clenched hand.

Yes, it was Edith Braburn who had been so foully murmured.

Raising the dead girl tenderly in his arms, Erick Cairnsford sped along the lonely, deserted road.

* * * * * *

There was great commotion in the camp next morning.

People vainly conjectured.

The whole thing seemed so dreadful, so terribly mysterious.

Who did it?

That young, delicate creature, what enemies could she have made?

As Doctor Braburn's only daughter, she was always admired.

Erick Cairnsford had been arrested.

He explained everything, the facts showing plainly that there had been a villainous conspiracy.

He showed the mysterious epistle, and produced a similar one, which was found in the dress of the deceased.

Days passed, and young Cairnsford took his trial before the court.

His rich, grief-stricken father had employed clever lawyers to plead his son's cause, and the end of it was there was not sufficient evidence, and the youth was acquitted.

It is a bright, cheerful morning, and once more we find young Cairnsford in Mrs. Bellasmere's drawing-room.

She had him at last.

"I am willing, Cora. The sooner we get married the better for all."

There was a weary look on Erick's face as he spoke, not the kind of look a happy bridegroom would be supposed to wear at his approaching marriage.

A little more than three months after the date of the tragical occurrence, Erick Cairnsford and Cora Bellasmere were quietly married.

The newly-married pair started the same day to spend their honeymoon in a distant place.

As months passed away, the names of Erick and Cora Cairnsford faded entirely from the memory of the few who once knew them in that part of the country.

* * * * *

Twelve years have fled by on the wings of time, and Cora Cairnsford is now dead.

Before she died, in her last last moments, she revealed a terrible secret to her husband—a secret that seemed to have blasted every hope of his life, and made him the moody, haggard-looking man that he now is.

It was she who had heavily bribed a native ruffian to shoot that innocent young girl in the wood twelve years before, and it was she who had written the mysterious notes to Erick and Edith Braburn, to bring her to the wood in order that the ruffian might slay her—to the former that he might be the only one near her at her death, and be accused of the terrible crime.

It was a devilish plot for a woman to plan, goaded to the sin by love and jealousy.

She had managed it all through her confidential ayah.

But the ayah was also dead now, so what could unhappy Cairnsford do but keep the secret of the dead?

Mr. Cairnsford left India for England soon after his wife's death, never to return. He was never afterwards heard of in the country where the crime had been committed in the darkness, many years ago.

The Little Milliner.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

MISS STACEY, aged twenty, but by no means a beauty, fair and sweet to look upon, occupied the position of forewoman in a large millinery establishment.

Five years before, when her parents lived, she had been a petted darling in a very pleasant home, not luxurious, for Mr. Stacey was a salaried man who lived up to his income.

Death took him suddenly, and his widow learned the millinery business, and taught it to Charlotte.

Mrs. Stacey too died, and Charlotte earned her living at the pretty business of hat and bonnet making.

Charlotte Stacey sat in her room at dusk one snowy January day, counting her fortune.

It was not a large one.

She had a very serious face, when a knock at her door roused her.

Sweeping the money into a table drawer, she closed it and called out—

"Come in."

Her landlady entered.

She looked careworn and anxious, but good tempered, and said—

"You remember the lame girl that's on the floor over this, miss?"

"Certainly."

"She's dreadful sick. I've been up two nights, and I'm afraid to trust myself to-night."

"You want me to watch?"

"If you would, miss. She's very poor, I think. I didn't find anything in the room, hardly a change of clothes. Poor body!"

"I will come, certainly. Has she a doctor?"

"Yes, miss, a good-hearted young man that can feel for the poor."

Charlotte rose as the landlady ceased speaking, and followed her to the room where the sick girl was tossing in delirious fever.

The room was so bare that it sickened her.

Quick in all her impulses, Charlotte spoke—

"She is very small. You and I are both tall and strong. Cannot we carry her to my room?"

"But, Miss Stacey——"

"She will die here. Come, we will wrap her in a blanket."

Relieved to throw off some of the responsibility, the good woman assisted Charlotte, and together they carried the invalid tenderly and gently to the room below.

The doctor's directions were repeated, and then the milliner was left alone with her patient.

With a tenderness indescribable she ministered to her, soothing the delirious fancies.

And all the time in her mind pressed the relentless fact—

"I've taken her here, and I must care for her. I have made this her hospital, and I have just one pound after my rent is paid."

This fact was not romantic, but required a strain of generosity to face cheerfully.

And Charlotte never hesitated.

It was to her as plain a duty to nurse this crippled girl back to health if possible, as it was to exert all her taste and skill in her daily routine of work.

In the watches of the long night she noted the wondrous beauty of the lame girl's face, a beauty often seen with physical deformity spiritualized by suffering, refined and touching.

The delirious fancies took a tone of pleading, often of terror.

"Don't urge me, uncle. Can't you see he only pities me? He will marry me for the money, and he only pities me. Oh, let me die. I love him so. I love him, and he pities me!"

She would ring the changes on these words for hours, sometimes whispering softly—

"I will run away. No one will find me in the city. I will lose myself in London."

It was morning when she cried, once only, in a voice of agony—

"Leslie! Leslie!"

Charlotte Stacey started as if she had been stung.

Who was this girl calling Leslie?

A great fear fell upon her, and her heart seemed to stop.

Leslie!

Well, there might be more than one Leslie in the world.

She turned from the bed, and opened a little writing-desk.

One letter, in a manly, free hand, lay upon the top of the papers.

This she opened, and read—

"MY DARLING,—I scarcely know how to write to you, and but that I know you to be noble and generous I would not dare. My own love, for you are the only woman that I ever loved, though I may never again tell you so, I am writing my farewell.

"Last night I told my father of you, and begged him to bless our marriage, and he put an impassable barrier between us.

"With my heart bleeding I must write calmly, that you may understand my position.

"I have a cousin, who has been my father's ward from her infancy, who is a cripple, and in very delicate health. I have given her true brotherly love for years, but my affection was never the deep devotion I feel for you alone.

"Last night my father told me for the

first time the terms of my grandfather's will, which were not to be revealed to me until my cousin was twenty one. But my confession of love for you hastened the disclosure. My grandfather's will leaves to my cousin and myself twenty thousand pounds if we marry.

"If either refuses, the entire fortune goes to a public institution. Were it only myself, I would resign at once all thoughts of this heavily-burdened inheritance. But my cousin then becomes penniless.

"My father is not a wealthy man, and has a large family. He cannot provide for this crippled girl, who in her failing health, becomes a pauper if I refuse the terms of the will.

"Should I die, the fortune would be solely hers, as my grandfather stipulated, for it goes to the surviving party in case of death. But I am young and strong, and I can only make her happy by marrying her. For, Louie, do not think me vain when I tell you she loves me.

"I never guessed it till my father told me so last evening. Yet, Charlotte, I have asked you to be my happy wife, and my whole heart is yours. If you bid me, I will come to you,

"LESLIE THORNTON."

Three months ago Charlotte had signed the death-warrant of her love and hope in the brief answer to this epistle.

With her heart full of deepest love for Leslie Thornton, who had come as the one bright spot into her cheerless life, she had written—

"Your duty is plain. Forget me.

"CHARLOTTE."

This was the pain that had followed closely on the sorrow of her mother's death, and now there was to be a further wrenching of her heart.

For the cousin who had given her love unsought was surely the cripple lying tossing in delirious fever upon her bed.

She had run away to spare Leslie the torture of a marriage without love, and had run into the arms of her rival.

Charlotte could guess the story, the inexperience of a petted invalid, romantic and loving, taking no thought of the necessary expenses, and falling into deepest poverty.

For love of Leslie.

The bond drew Charlotte once more to the bedside with a yearning pity.

This was the rival who had taken her love from her—poor, friendless, ill.

If she died Leslie would be rich and free.

A horror of herself seized Charlotte Stacey.

If, in spite of all her care, the young girl died, should she ever forgive herself that she alone had been her nurse?

She did not know even her name.

The clothing was marked E. D., and there was no other clue to her identity.

Yes, her trunk.

There it stood where the landlady had placed it the night before.

The invalid, still muttering deliriously, lay comparatively still, as Charlotte looked for some clue to her residence, finding nothing.

Nothing?

One proof of her identity—a miniature likeness of Leslie Thornton in a velvet case.

The one clue she had carried to soothe the pain of parting betrayed her.

There was no help for it.

Charlotte must write to Leslie.

His business address was the only means in her possession for restoring the cripple to home and friends.

It was a curt letter, for Charlotte dared not trust her pen.

"Your cousin is with me dangerously ill."

"CHARLOTTE."

All the morning the little milliner nursed her patient with anxious gentleness.

A messenger came from the milliner's, more than intimating that the forewoman's place must be filled, and if Charlotte could not fill it, another woman must.

Still Charlotte never faltered in her self-appointed duty.

It was dusk when a carriage came hastily to the door, and a few minutes later an elderly lady and gentleman came into the room.

One glance at the bed, and the lady moved quickly to the invalid, sobbing—

"Edith, my poor, poor Edith."

But the gentleman stood looking earnestly into Charlotte's pale face.

"Leslie had told me who you are," he said, with fatherly kindness, "and that you know the tie between himself and his cousin.

"We owe it to you to explain how Edith comes here. She is not my niece, but the niece of Leslie's mother, my first wife.

"My father-in-law's eccentric will you know already, but neither Leslie nor Edith were aware of its terms until last year.

"At first, the prospect of the marriage seemed to make Edith very happy, for she loves Leslie. But her own love soon taught her that my son's gentle affection was not real love, and in a fit of romantic generosity, she ran away.

"She left a touching letter, poor child, resigning her share of the fortune, not understanding that it went from both by her refusal.

"We have tried vainly to find her, and were fearful she had actually committed suicide, until your note reached Leslie yesterday.

"Now, let me introduce you to my wife, and thank you from my heart for what your landlady tells me you have done for our poor Edith."

Mrs. Thornton lifting her tearful eyes, gave a most cordial assent to her husband's words, and accepted Charlotte's aid in removing her wraps.

"I will stay with you, if you will permit me," she said. "It would not be possible to take Edith away in this bitter weather."

What amount of want, exposure and hunger had preceded the actual illness, they could only guess, but there were often piteous disclosures in the delirium, that wrung the gentle hearts watching beside Edith.

From the first the doctor gave little hope.

Every day Leslie sent flowers, fruit choice dainties for nurse and patient, but with rare delicacy he never came into the house.

The fourth day was half gone when Edith awakened from sleep, conscious.

As the cripple's large eyes rested upon Mrs. Thornton's face she seemed to forget all the interval of suffering since last she had seen it.

"Aunt Kate," she whispered, "is this death?"

Only a lingering kiss, tender and loving, was her answer.

"Leslie!"

Mrs. Thornton touched a bell on a table beside her, and a moment later a gentleman entered the room—a tall man, whose face bore the impress of a noble heart.

"Leslie," the dying lips whispered.

"I am here Edith."

"To say farewell. God judges kindly. He will take me and leave you free. I have done with love and pain, Leslie."

The young man took the little wasted hand extended to him, too much moved to speak.

He has given the crippled girl a brother's affection.

He had made for her the greatest sacrifice of his life, and even Charlotte could not have wished him less pitiful and tender as he put his lips to the beautiful face.

"You have been very good, Leslie," she said, in a faint voice, "and I hope you will be happy. I have but one wish now on earth; I should like to see your wife, Leslie—the woman you love."

Mrs. Thornton drew Charlotte forward.

"She has been your friend and nurse Edith," she said. "Will you thank her?"

The little wasted hand was stretched, out, and taking Charlotte's placed it in Leslie's.

"God bless—bless——"

The whisper was the last sigh of the pure spirit soaring heavenward.

After the funeral Charlotte was taken as Mrs. Thornton's guest.

In the intervals he could spare from business, Leslie was at home for a day or two at a time, until a year had passed since the death of Edith.

But Charlotte never went back to the milliner's. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton took her into their home and hearts, and she left their care no more until Leslie had made a home for her a year after Edith died.

Testing Her Love.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

MILLIE! Millie! where are you? Do come down, thats a darling," called a merry voice.

A moment after, and a tall graceful girl entered the room.

She would have been beautiful, but for her pale face and sad eyes.

"Oh, Millie, why do you keep in your own room? Come and sit with me. I hope Archie will come to-morrow. He half promised——"

A sigh from the sad girl reached the ear of her happy cousin, who quickly said—

"Oh, Millie, how thoughtless I am. I forgot, indeed I did, that you were not as light-hearted as—as you were two years ago. I can hardly think it has been so long."

"It has been very long to me Katie," Millie answered wiping away the tears that had gathered, and, filling her eyes, stole down the pale cheeks.

"Millie, indeed I would not stand it. It is hateful in uncle to act so. He was always the strangest man I ever saw. But while aunty lived, he was not just so dreadful. She could win him to something like civilization.

"Don't, don't, Katie. Remember you are talking of my father."

"Can't help it. He is my father's brother, and I don't care if he hears me say it. And if I *were* you, I would not run away. I am opposed to that; but I'd wait until I was twenty-one—that will be in six months—then I send for Frank, and have him ask once *more* for you. If uncle did not relent, I'd walk off with Frank right before his eyes, and be married. I would as sure as my name is Kate Gordon."

"No, no, Katie, I can not do so. I am all that father has—the only one who loves him. I cannot leave him. He was good and kind until this trouble with Frank's father.

"Indeed then stay miserable all the rest of your life, and keep Frank so, bless his dear heart. I just hope he won't stay miserable. There are lots of pretty girls who will jump at him. I would try and confront him myself, only I love Archie a little better," the merry girl said, with a bright blush.

Then with more apparent sympathy, she continued—

"Indeed, I am very, very sorry for you, Millie. But what is the good of being so sad? You can if you choose, be happy. If you will not and have made up your mind to do the dutiful at all cost, then resign yourself with good grace, and be content in the path you have chosen."

"Kate, I will tell you why just now I feel so very sad. Frank is to be home to-morrow. His cousin told me. Oh, think of it. Only a half mile from each other, and yet so far apart."

Millie could not help sobbing then.

"And you will not see him?"

"Of course not; I dare not. Father forbade me. And it would be going over the sad parting again; all the more sad because still more hopeless."

Farmer Gordon and Farmer Ralston were neighbors, and, at one time, good friends.

Their farms joined.

Once, a fine piece of meadow land separated them.

Both wanted this land; both being willing to pay a very liberal price; neither was willing to resign his chance of purchasing, or to divide the possession.

So things remained for many months, indeed years, and then Farmer Ralston came forward, and placed before his neighbor the deed for the land.

It was obtained by some dishonorable means, Farmer Gordon did not hesitate to declare.

Since then they had been bitter enemies.

Well, folks in the neighborhood thought Ralston had done nothing wrong, and all espoused his cause.

Farmer Gordon was generally unpopular, and it was a source of gratification to many that he had not been the successful purchaser.

The only son of one, and daughter of the other, had played together from infancy.

After the quarrel between their fathers, they were ordered to keep to themselves.

But this they couldn't do.

In the first place they loved each other too well.

Then they met at church.

So it continued, until Frank was twenty-one and Millie seventeen.

Two years previous to my introducing Millie to my readers, Frank had sought Farmer Gordon, told him how truly he loved his daughter, and begged that he would give him permission to win her.

Even Farmer Ralston, whose whole heart was centred in his only son, accompanied him, and joined his entreaties with Frank's, going so far as to offer the disputed land and his hand in friendship again.

All of no use.

The strange, hard man drove them forth.

He told them he hated them both, and his girl should never bear their name.

There was a painful scene between Millie and her father.

He said many dreadful things that wounded the sensative, loving heart very sorely, and ended by telling her the only way she could gain his forgiveness for having allowed her affections to be worn by one so hateful to him was to cast him from her mind and heart.

So it was that Millie had never seen her lover since.

She dared not even permit him to write to her.

She had only sent him word that she should never love anyone else.

And so Frank, in return, sent word by his cousin that he would be as faithful, and they would trust to Heaven for their future happiness.

Farmer Gordon had been harder and harder and stranger since this affair than ever before, and poor little Millie would have been very miserable if merry Katie had not spent much of her time with her.

She was an independent little girl, not a bit afraid of her "cross old uncle," as she called him.

When she was with Millie, she would have merry young folks about her.

Her uncle would take from her what he would from no one else.

He really liked the straightforward, merry girl.

"Still sighing, Millie," Katie said. Now I just want to tell you plainly, you are being really wicked. How much you have to be thankful for. There are many girls more miserable than you. Just think——"

"Oh, Katie, how could I be more miserable? What could make me?"

Millie had hardly uttered these words when her father's own horse came dashing, riderless, up to the stile.

Millie was terrified.

She knew that only an hour before her father had gone out on Victor, and she cried—

"Oh, Katie, where is father? Something terrible has happened. See! How terrified Victor looks."

Her fears were soon realized.

Slowly along the road came four men, bearing her father on a litter.

Although no favorite with his servants, for they all feared him, the men looked grave enough as they placed their burden in the hall.

Millie threw herself down beside the cold, still form.

"Dead, dead!" she cried; and in an agony of grief clasped her arms about him.

One of the men, nodding his head, said—

"'Tain't no use to go on so, miss," and removed her from her father's form.

Lifting him gently, they bore him in, and placing him on his bed, stood around awaiting further orders from Katie.

"Are you sure there is no life? James, go quickly and bring Doctor Grey."

"'Taint no use, Miss Katie, deed it 'tain't" the man said.

"Oh, father, father, why are you taken from me? Oh, may be he is not dead. Run, James; oh, please tell Doctor Grey to come. Oh, if God will give him back to me, I never, never will be thankful enough."

Rachel, the maid, who had been in the family for years, came forward, saying—

"'Tain't no use to go on so. If he is dead, it's God's will. I only wish he had been better prepared to go. And as for you, I think you will be all the happier after a bit——"

"No, no, no. I loved him indeed I did. I never would have left him. And oh, he used to love me once, so very much. And I remember when I always used to go to sleep in his arms. Dear, dear father!" Millie sobbed.

"You had better go for doctor Grey anyhow, James. We want a friend at this time," Rachel said.

"Oh!" sobbed Millie, bursting forth anew with her grief.

"You will make yourself ill, child," Rachel said.

"Oh, I don't care. I wish I could go to Heaven!" Millie cried.

"Miss Millie, Master Frank is at home," whispered one of the men.

"Don't, don't. I can't think of anybody but my dear, dear father. Oh, if he would only open his eyes and speak to me. Just say, 'Millie,' and kiss me once more. Indeed, I cannot believe he is dead. Only fainted. Oh, if father is given back to me, I never will grieve any more about anybody. Katie, come here, quickly. Can't you feel a little warmth coming?" cried Millie.

"Millie!" Farmer Gordon's eyes opened, and he said—"Millie, I'm not dead, kiss me child."

With a wild cry of joy Millie clasped her arms about him, and fainted on his bosom.

"I did not think the child loved me so," Farmer Gordon said, looking not a bit like a dead or dying man.

"You scarcely deserve it, uncle, from her," Katie said, sharply.

She began to see that it had all been one of her uncle's queer whims.

"There, Rachel, you know what to do for her. She is just like her mother. She would faint, alike for joy or grief. I know how well you love me, Rachel, too."

"As well as you will let me. Be more kind and you'll find more love," Rachel said, as she, with James' assistance, carried Millie to her own room.

"Uncle, you did this on purpose. I know it. Are you hurt at all?" Katie said, looking very reproachfully at him.

"Well, Miss Pert, I can do without a doctor," he answered.

And Katie went to help take care of Millie.

From James she wormed out the truth, who said—

"For Heaven's sake, don't let old master know I told. But he got off Victor, give him a sharp cut, and sent him flying. Then made us make a litter, and bring him home. It was lying still in the cold that made him look and feel dead. He said he wanted to see if anybody cared if he was dead."

* * * * * *

Next day Millie was quite herself again. All that day her father had been more as he used to be years before.

"More like a Christian," Rachel said.

"Less like a heathen," Katie declared.

He had patted Millie's head several times, and kissed her, saying he wanted to see the roses come back to her cheeks again.

Katie was as gay as a lark.

Her Archie came from town, and she was surrounded by a merry host of young friends and Doctor Grey, the family physician.

He had always been Farmer Gordon's friend, asserting he knew there was good enough in Gordon's heart if one knew how to find it.

The young folks were gathered in the parlor.

Katie was going to have a dance.

Millie's face, although not as sad as usual, looked not as Katie wished to see it.

She had been trying to make up her mind to plead with her uncle for Millie.

"I am not afraid to do it: only I don't want to put him in a rage when he is acting something like a human—I—yes, I'll risk it.

"Uncle, come here," she said, drawing him off to herself. "Uncle if you had been dead yesterday, do you not think Frank Ralston would have found his way over here to——"

"Give thanks to Heaven for delivering the neighborhood in general, and himself particularly, from such a pest, I suppose," said her uncle, with a half serious, half comic expression.

"Nothing of the kind. Only to try and comfort Millie."

"She would not have let him—not so soon."

"No dear girl, she is so dutiful, that she would not, I fear. Uncle why won't you be worthy of that girl's love?"

"Be off with you, you saucy girl."

"No, not until I say my say, uncle; send for Frank—send now."

"I will not; neither now, to-morrow, nor ever. Go along. Mind your own affairs, and let Millie's alone!" Farmer Gordon answered, yet not so wrathfully as she thought he might."

All were dancing but Millie.

She sat with thoughts far away.

Her father came up to her, and asked—

"Will you not dance, my darling?"

He had not called her so for years.

She looked up with much surprise, and answered—

"I care not to dance, father."

"Come, I will find you a partner."

He took her hand and led her out into the hall.

With a cry of joy she sprang forward.

"There is a partner for life, little girl. Take her, Frank, and send to Heaven with

her a prayer for bringing an old man to his better nature. God bless you, and make you both as happy as she deserves to be."

"Oh! uncle, I thought you said you never would send for Frank," Katie exclaimed, almost choking her uncle with kisses.

"Because I had already done it, and I knew I would not have to send for him twice," Farmer Gordon said, with a merry chuckle; then he added—

"We will build a home for Millie, right in the middle of the meadowland. And it shall be here—a peace gift from two old men."

Maud and Jessie.

BY JOHN FROST.

CLARENCE ARNOLD was coming home after an absence of eight years.

My father had been Clarence's guardian, and he had lived with us all his life up to the time he took a notion to travel.

I had been telling my kindred spirit, pretty Jessie Mason, how we expected Clarence on the morrow, and wound up by giving a description of him in the following manner—

"He is awfully jolly, good-natured, ever so handsome, flirts desperately, and a perfect tease."

I watched to see the effect of my words upon Jessie.

She opened wide her brown eyes, and looked at me with a most comical expression of countenance.

Now, in most things, Jessie and I were very much alike.

Whenever there was any mischief afloat, we were the leading spirits.

We moved in a fun-loving circle,

We were forever romping and carrying on in a manner very unbecoming to our years—at least, so said our long-faced, vinegar-visaged friends of the bilious temperament, of whom we always steered clear.

But then people will talk, you know, and perhaps it was better to talk about Jessie and me than to talk about others who couldn't stand that sort of thing quite so well as we could.

But they talked about me more than Jessie, for I was nearly four years older than she, and, of course, my conduct was more of an outrage on their bilious dignity.

Neither Jessie nor I ever thought of those four years between us.

We loved each other dearly, and were inseparable companions.

She looked at me with those wondrous brown eyes, exclaiming—

"Good gracious, Maud, you're interested at last. I have often wondered what sort of a man you were going to marry, and my disappointment is great. Why, the man you are going into ecstasies over is the facsimile of the young men in our set, who, you say, are very well to pass away the time with, but to marry, as the song says, you don't feel inclined," laughed Jessie.

"Nonsense!" I said, feeling a little annoyed that Jessie should put a wrong construction on my words. "I'm not interested in Clarence—that is, not in the way you mean. I like him, and I want you to set your cap for him. You must fall in love some time or other, you know."

"And so must you," laughed Jessie, "so I'll wait till you set me an example."

And the scarlet creeps from her cheeks to her temples, as she looks eagerly out of the window.

"Then perhaps you'll have to wait forever. Mother says I am out out for an old maid," said I, lightly.

"My dear Maud, you're no more the pattern of an old maid than the man in the moon is. Tell your mother she's a false prophet," replied Jessie.

"I don't know that she is," said I, laughing. "I'm nearly twenty-three, and mother thinks it is preposterous for me to have arrived at such an age without being married. She keeps telling me that my sister Marion was married at seventeen, and I keep telling her that poor Marion has regretted it ever since. But then she says that marriage is a lottery, and everyone cannot be expected to be satisfied with their drawing, and I suppose mother ought to know. Dear me! we've lost sight of what we were talking about. Clarence is ever so much nicer than anyone we know, Jessie."

"Then why don't you fall in love with him yourself, Maud?"

"Fiddlesticks!" said I, impatiently. "I don't want him."

"What keeps Charlie standing down there?" said Jessie, jumping up. "We'll talk about Clarence another time, Maud."

And Jessie was out on the balcony and down on the lawn like a flash.

I stretched my neck, and caught sight of Charley Morse down by the gate.

"That accounts for Jessie's blushes when she looked out of the window a while ago," I thought. "I wonder if she cares for him? I really hope she doesn't."

As I watched Charlie and Jessie on the lawn together, I thought Charlie Morse was just such another as Clarence Arnold.

I fell into a thoughtful mood as I watched them.

Jessie's words came back to me.

Why couldn't I love Clarence Arnold myself?

Why, indeed?

I never was in love.

Never could fall into it and out of it again like other girls.

Goodness knows I was willing enough; but I couldn't for the life of me.

They called me a flirt, but I wasn't really—that is I never meant to flirt.

I treated all the real nice young men I was acquainted with alike.

Well, they say all girls think about matrimony, more or less.

I must have thought less about it, for I never thought anything about it until now.

And now that I did give it a thought, I examined the subject thoroughly, and became convinced that my mother's words were true.

I was cut out for an old maid.

It was strange, too.

There were some men whom I worshipped afar. But what was the use of talking?

They were likely to remain afar.

So I saw no help for it.

In a few years more I would be laid upon the shelf.

But my thoughts didn't stop at the shelf.

They carried me down the vista of years, and I saw a woman face looking like vinegar.

Why the idea of a woman's face looking like vinegar.

Why my ideas of the poor, persecuted sex, known as old maids are associated with vinegar, I cannot tell.

But I did see that woman's face, and it did look like vinegar.

She had with her the two institutions of old maidism—a cat and a parrot; and that woman was I.

Suddenly my hands flew to my sides, and tears rolled down my cheeks.

"For goodness sake, Maud, what are you laughing at?" said Jessie, entering the room, followed immediately after by Charlie Morse.

"Oh, Jessie," I cried, "if you could only see the picture that I saw just now, you would laugh, too."

Next morning I came downstairs rather late.

"Here comes Maud, now," I heard my mother say. "My dear," said my mother to me, as I entered the breakfast room, "do you know this gentleman?"

A man between thirty and thirty-five years, very tall, with great, wide shoulders, his handsome face bronzed and bearded rose to meet me.

I looked at the gentleman and shook my head slowly, in answer to my mother's question.

"So you don't remember me, Maud?"

The bronzed gentleman laughed as he spoke, showing his teeth and eyes to advantage.

And why didn't I know him at once?

It was Clarence Arnold.

What a mistake I had made when speaking of him to Jessie.

I lost sight of the fact that I was not quite fifteen when Clarence went away, and he was some four or five-and-twenty.

And I never thought about the intervening years.

I expected to see Clarence as he left us, about four and twenty still.

"Goodness me alive," I exclaimed, on the impulse of the moment, "I thought you were ever so much younger."

"Did you indeed?" he said, smiling.

But there was such a grave expression in the black eyes that were always dancing with merriment in those days gone by.

I looked over at Jessie.

She was looking straight at me, and as soon as our eyes met, we both burst out laughing.

Clarence's grave black eyes were still upon me. Of course he did not know what we were laughing at and I must have looked charming.

But then that was what I always did.

I laughed when I ought not to laugh, said what I ought not to have said, and I came to the conclusion long ago that there was no help for me.

People said I hadn't a spark of common sense.

Now, I begged leave to differ with them—that is, in my own mind. For I wouldn't satisfy them to discuss the question openly.

I thought I was very sensible, only, somehow, I never could show it like other girls.

Now I saw at once that Clarence was different from the young men with whom I was constantly surrounded.

He had sown his wild oats, and was the sort of woman I admired.

But then it was no use for me to let my thoughts run in that direction, for Clarence must have formed his opinion of me at our first meeting, and for ever after, I supposed, like all the rest of the sensible men, he would wish me—well, at a distance.

One evening shortly after Clarence's arrival, we girls laid our heads together, plotting mischief.

I, as usual had the leading voice.

Clarence and my brother Tom were both present.

We didn't mind them, as they were part of the family.

"Maud, don't take part in such foolishness. You ought to have better sense."

That was what Clarence said to me when he saw a part of our nonsense.

His grave black eyes were upon me, and he spoke very seriously, I thought.

Well, perhaps I ought to have better sense, but what business was it of Clarence Arnold's?

Why didn't he speak to Jessie, in whom he seemed to be so highly interested?

Yes, Clarence was interested in Jessie, and she was interested in him.

But, then, I ought to have been satisfied, for didn't I seriously advise Jessie to set her cap for him?

I looked up at Clarence when he reproved me.

He was so earnest that I felt like withdrawing from the mischief at once.

But I didn't withdraw.

I went straight on dragging the others after me.

I felt dreadful with those black eyes upon me.

Why I persisted in the mischief I cannot tell, except it was out of a spirit of downright, pure obstinacy.

One day, about a week after, we three—Clarence, Jessie, and I—were standing on the steps. Jessie stood between Clarence and me.

Somehow, Jessie always came between Clarence and me.

Now, I only just mentioned that, but I hope no one will think that I was jealous of Jessie.

Why should I be?

Didn't I recommend Clarence to Jessie?

To be sure I did, but somehow I very often forgot that of late.

Charlie Morse came strolling up the path.

My heart jumped with delight.

Strange what delight I took lately in Charlie Morse's coming.

Clarence went down to meet him, leaving Jessie and me.

"Good gracious!" I thought to myself, my delight vanishing instantly, "Charlie Morse might just as well have stayed at home if it is Clarence that is going down to him."

"Isn't Clarence handsome?" said Jessie, speaking more to herself than me, while the pink in her cheeks grew pinker.

"Oh! I think he's awfully brown," said I—of course, I had to say something.

"But that is from exposure," said Jessie, smiling. One of these days, Maud, his face will be as delicate in tint as your own."

"Maybe it will; but I don't know anything about it," I said.

"Maud"—and Jessie's blushes grew deeper, and her eyes wandered to where Clarence and Charlie were standing, "he has asked me to marry him. I wanted to tell you first you know."

If a thunderbolt had descended on my head, I could not have been more surprised.

A cold tremor ran over me.

Jessie must have noticed how strangely I behaved.

I tried to compose myself by thinking indignantly of Clarence Arnold's indecent haste.

Think of it—he was only two weeks in our house when he proposed to Jessie.

"Well," I said, as soon as I could get my breath, "he ought to have sent you his photograph and a proposal before he arrived himself. He was in such a hurry."

"Whom are you talking about, Maud?"

"Clarence Arnold, of course," was my unhesitating reply.

"Oh, but Clarence Arnold doesn't happen to be the one that proposed to me. It was Charlie Morse; and I accepted him, Maud, for I know you always liked Charlie."

And Jessie laughed outright, in her happy manner.

Something near my left side gave another great bounce.

Yes, it was true what Jessie said; I always liked Charlie, and I was so glad she accepted the dear fellow.

A year has passed away since the event I have related.

Charlie and Jessie were married long since, and they are both on a short visit to our house now.

I sit in the window watching them out upon the lawn, just as I sat and watched them a year ago, only that time my watchful eyes were accompanied by rather depressing thoughts of an old maid.

Well, you know mother said I was cut out for an old maid—but I never think of that now.

Strange, I never bother my head about the old-maid business any more.

And guess why I don't?

Oh, but it's a conundrum. You'd never guess if I didn't tell you.

Because I am Clarence Arnold's wife.

Sick Headache.

Among the chronic ailments hardest to bear and hardest to cure may be classed "Sick Headache," from which so many suffer periodical tortures. In our administration of Compound Oxygen we have been able to break the force and continuity of this disease in nearly every case, and where the Treatment has been continued for a sufficient time to make a radical cure. In a recent case which came under our treatment, we have the following report of prompt relief. It comes from a gentleman at Wind Ridge, Pa. He says:

"I had suffered ten months with a blind, nervous headache, never being over two days without it. I tried different kinds of teas said to be good for headache, but my head only got worse. I saw your Compound Oxygen recommended. * * * I commenced inhaling on Wednesday. On Sunday I had a very severe spell of nervous sick headache—got numb. I used the Compound Oxygen for three weeks, and have not had a sick headache since. It has been nearly a month since I stopped using it. I feel very grateful to you for such a cure me. * * * Also for another painful condition I feel that three weeks of your treatment has cured me. I have often had to take morphine. Not a pain anymore."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philada.

THE SPIDER AND ITS BITE.

THE earliest mention of the disease called tarantismus is found in the works of Nicolas Perotti, who died in 1480. It appeared first in Apulia, and at the time of this author seems to have fairly well established itself as a disease in that province. It is spoken of as having been produced by the bite of the wolf-spider, an earth species of light-brown color, with black stripes. This creature is found generally distributed throughout Italy and Spain, and many an old traveler has told wonderful stories of the effect of its bite, which was accredited as poisonous.

The party bitten, according to the common belief, became low-spirited, trembled and was anxious; he was troubled with nausea, giddiness, and at length fell down in a swoon.

All exterior circumstances powerfully affected him; he was easily excited to frenzy or depressed to melancholy, and behaved generally as an hysterical subject would do.

The strangest effect, or rather supposed effect, on the patient was at the sound of music; for he immediately rose and danced as madly as do the wicked people in the fairy tale at the sound of the hero's enchanted pipe.

However the patient may have been affected at the outset, he seems invariably to have fallen into a swoon—the result of nervous exhaustion—from which music and music only could relieve him, but neither music nor any other remedy could permanently cure him.

Poisonous spiders were supposed by the ancients to have been common enough; but they do not seem to have recorded the supposed effects of their bite.

In fact, they appear to have reserved them to bring about the denouement of a much involved popular tale.

The absence, however, of particular descriptions of the disease called tarantismus will not furnish us with proofs either one way or the other as to its existence or non-existence; for, in early times, all those who suffered from strange or little understood mental or nervous diseases were roughly classed together as unfortunates suffering from the touch of Satan.

Hence in the fifteenth century, we suddenly come upon a full description of the tarantismus as a common and widely spread disease.

In the next century Fracastro, a celebrated physician, relates that his steward having been bitten in the neck by the tarantula or some other creature, fell down in a death like stupor; but when he gave him the remedies then in vogue for plague and hydrophobia he recovered.

So tarantismus passed the boundaries of Apulia; and shortly afterwards there was scarcely a corner of Italy where it was not too well known.

As it spread, it obtained more believers; and the more credence it obtained the more victims it attacked.

This alone would tend to prove that the disease depended greatly for its existence on the power of the imagination.

Everywhere, as we suppose, it was the hysterical temperaments which suffered, for dull heavy louts are rarely subject to affections of the nerves.

Of course, ordinary medical treatment failed to touch the disease; and this of itself would tend to exaggerate its power and frequency.

Nothing brought relief but lively dance-music, and of this the old tunes La Pastorale and La Tarantula were the most effectual; the former for phlegmatic, the latter for excitable temperaments.

When these tunes were played with correctness and taste the effect was logical.

The tarantati danced energetically until they fell down exhausted.

Old and young, male and female, healthy and infirm, began dancing like machines worked by steam.

Old writers would have us believe that even old cripples threw away their crutches and danced with the best.

Hysterical females were the principal victims.

Other ailments were forgotten, propriety of time and place ignored, and soul and body, they delivered themselves up to this dancing frenzy.

They shrieked, they went, they laughed, they sang, all the time dancing like bacchantes or furies, till at last they fell down bathed in perspiration and utterly hopeless.

If the music continued, they at length arose and danced again, until once more they fell prostrate.

These fits seem to have continued two or three days, sometimes four, or even six, for the relief seems to have been in direct ratio to the amount lost by perspiration.

When the tarantati had by this means he or she remained free from the disease until the approach of the warm weather of the next year, and then was again relieved in the same manner.

Once a tarantati, however, always a tarantati; one woman is mentioned as being subject to these attacks for thirty summers.

TRACES of certain brands of tobacco sold in Lancaster City have attached to the pasteboard pieces of tin, which become scattered about on the street. In an unfinished state they resemble ten cent pieces, and the *Intelligencer* says the harrowing feeling that possesses you may have overlooked a genuine dime rather than take the chances of being laughed at for picking up a worthless piece of tin. Dealers should be prohibited by law.

Our Young Folks.

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY PIPKIN.

ALLY trotted along with her bundle of corn in her arms.

It was quite as much as she could carry, for she had been gleaning diligently all the afternoon.

Her mother watched her down the lane, calling to her:

"Make haste, Ally, and tell father and Sue I shall not be long after you. I am going round by Farmer Brown's; he has promised me a jug of milk;so tell the little ones they shall have some bread and milk for supper."

"Yes, mother."

And Ally, with her heart full of joy, plodded on.

She was not a bit tired, though the sun had been hot, and she had worked very hard; for gleaning days were festival days to her, and she looked forward to harvest-time, when the corn was cut and made into great shocks, standing in rows on the slopes of the pleasant corn-fields.

To-day the sun was shining on them with golden rays, and the birds were singing among the branches of the stately trees beneath which the harvest laborers had eaten their dinner.

"Ah!" she said to herself, "there will be a harvest moon to-night. How I should like to see the corn-field in the moonlight! But I shall be in bed and asleep. Perhaps I might dream about it."

She gave another longing look at the forest of corn-sheaves, and then glanced at the stile afar off where she had left her mother.

Her mother was no longer there, but she saw a wonderful sight.

The sun was going down, and there were great crimson and purple bars across a sheet of burning gold.

The clouds caught the gleam as they drifted along and the sky seemed covered with golden streaks.

How long Ally stood watching it she did not know, but when she reached home her mother was there before her.

"How slowly you must have crept along, child."

"No," answered Alice, in a low tone, "I stopped to look at the sunset."

She paused a moment as if in thought, and then added:

"I should like to see the moon rising on the corn field."

Her brother Ralph laughed,but little Harry, who was Ally's confidant, drew near and whispered:

"You are thinking of Joseph and his dreams, Ally."

* * * * * *

The children were all in bed; so were the father and mother, for country folk keep early hours.

They were all asleep, too, though the great yellow harvest moon was shining in at the windows.

Ally woke with a start, for she dreamed that the moon was saying to her

"I am shining bright
O'er the corn to-night."

So she was not at all surprised when she saw the moon shining in, for, of course, the moon had come to wake her up.

Sue and little Rose, who slept in the same room, were fast asleep.

Sue was very tired, for she had been working hard all day, and Rose never awoke till morning.

Ally slipped out of bed and went to the window

It was as light as day,and the trees looked like silver, and the surface of the pool like polished glass.

The night was warm, and not a breath of air stirring.

"How beautiful the corn-field must look!" thought she,an intense longing coming over her. "It is not very far, and it is so light that I should not be the least bit afraid."

And Ally, as she talked to herself, put on her shoes and put her frock on over her night-dress, and wrapped a shawl over her head and shoulders.

She crept downstairs and opened the front door softly.

No one had heard her.

She went into the garden, and out upon the road.

Yes, some one had heard her, for she had not gone far before she heard quick, pattering footsteps bounding along.

But it was only Nip, her father's sheep-dog, who doubtless wondered where Ally could be going at such an hour.

And the two went on, Ally, perhaps, not sorry to have a companion, for she was beginning to feel a little lonely.

Just then the church clock struck, and it sounded so loud, that Ally put her hands to her ears.

In a few minutes she reached the field, and when she found herself among the corn the beauty of the sight restored the courage which was beginning to fail her a little.

She seated herself on the ground beside one of the sheaves, and Nip lay down close by her.

How long she lay there she knew not, but all at once the sheaves seemed to be moving about.

They glittered like silver,and she thought that one of them was going to bow to her, but instead of that it tumbled down with a crash, and Ally started up to find that she had been dreaming.

And now the moon had gone, and it was dark, for the clouds had rolled over the skies, and the rain was falling.

She got up and tried to make out in what part of the corn-field she was,but she could not.

The corn-sheaves seemed to have gotten into hopeless confusion.

"Oh, Nip, Nip! what shall I do?"she said; "and I am so cold!"

And she shivered.

Nip barked and licked her hands, and bounded round, and Ally groped her way along for a time.

Then she sat down on the ground again, and began to cry.

At length a sudden idea seemed to strike Nip, and he darted away as fast as he could go.

Poor Ally felt very much frightened now, for Nip had been a protector, and now she was all alone.

Even the moon had gone.

* * * * * * *

"What can be the matter?" said Ally's mother, as a loud barking was heard at the house door, followed by scratching and banging against it.

"Why, it's Nip," said the father, looking out of the window. "Go back to your kennel, sir!"

But Nip was not to be silenced.

"There must be something wrong," said the mother.

At that moment Sue's voice was heard to exclaim:

"Mother, where's Ally?"

"What is the matter?" cried Ralph from the garret.

"Quick, strike a light!" said the mother. "We must look for Ally; she is not to be found."

Ralph rubbed his eyes.

"Ally," he said; "can she have gone to the corn-field to see the moon?"

"Put on your clothes and come with me, Ralph," said the father. "I've looked after many a lost sheep in my time, but I never thought of looking after a child. Give me the lantern, wife."

So the father and Ralph started, Nip running before them.

* * * * * *

Poor little Ally,crouching and trembling under the corn-sheaf—was she not glad to hear Nip's bark once more, and to hear Ralph shouting:

"Ally, Ally!"

She tried to answer them, but she could only sob.

It was raining hard and fast now, but not very far off she could see a light glimmering.

Nearer and nearer it came,and before long Ally felt herself lifted in her father's strong arms.

"Here, Ralph," said the shepherd, joyfully, "you carry the lantern, and I'll carry Ally."

How Nip bounded and barked, and knew that it was all right now.

And how he was praised, and caressed, and petted by every one when he reached the cottage.

The mother and Sue were waiting anxiously, and there was a great fire burning, and the kettle was boiling; some hot tea would do them all good.

"Oh, Ally, Ally!"

This was all the mother said as she took Ally from her father.

And as soon as Ally could speak for her sobs, she laid her head from her mother's shoulder.

"Oh, mother," said she, "I'll never go to look at the harvest moon again!"

THE LADY'S MAID.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

MISS EVA LANGWORTHY sat in her low, pink silk dressing-chair, looking very pretty and fair, while her long golden hair was being brushed and deftly arranged by Juliet Mirel's mesmeric fingers.

Such perfect hands they were—those of the dark-eyed little French girl; small, of warm brunette tint, and dimpled at every joint.

Gentle, careful hands, that Miss Langworthy very greatly liked to have about her.

She was a pretty little girl, and just now, in her gay dark chintz dress, and white-ruffled Swiss apron with cardinal ribbon bows, and tiny little lace cap set jauntily on her luxuriant black braids, Juliet Mirel was undeniably fascinating enough to turn many a lover's head.

Even grave Jenkins, the footman, smiled at her as he entered after a preliminary rap.

"Miss Juliet is wanted in the dining-room. A gentleman, miss."

A bright, glowing flush rose warmly for a moment to the girl's lovely cheek, then she tossed her head a little saucily.

"I'll go down presently, tell him, Jenkins. After I've finished Miss Eva's hair."

"You needn't wait for that Juliet. Go down now and see your beau—I suppose he's your beau. Take care, Juliet, you are pulling awfully."

"Oh I" I didn't mean to, Miss Eva. Indeed it isn't my beau. It is only David Redmond, I'm sure dear old Dave, from the Home Farm, where you took me from, you know."

Miss Langworthy smiled indulgently.

"Well, run along My hair can wait, and perhaps Mr. David Redmond can't."

Juliet's little feet tinkled down the stairs, making a swift, light pattering that caused honest Dave's heart to palpitate as he stood, hat in hand, waiting beside a parcel in the elegant large dining-room.

"Good morning Dave I said it was you."

"Did you know? Well that was cute in you, Juliet, seeing as you didn't know I was coming."

His honest sun-browned face was wearing an expression of undisguised admiration, and Juliet was not slow to see it, and in her pretty, coquettish way, completely ignored it.

"Is there any news from the Farm Dave? Is your mother well, and old Aunt Arby?"

She stole a curious glance at the package on the table.

David followed the glance, and pushed it towards her.

"Aunt sent you a couple of her pies, Juliet, and there's one of your favorite orange jelly-cakes mother sent."

Juliet shrugged her shoulders prettily, and laughed.

"I am sure you are so good, Dave, to remember me"

"And how's about your remembering us, Juliet? Any signs of your coming back soon?"

His wistful eyes were eloquent with unspoken affection for this pretty, flighty girl.

Juliet shook her head decidedly, and showed her little pearly teeth so bewitchingly.

"No, indeed. I have splendid times here, Dave, and Miss Eva is the nicest mistress a girl could wish for."

"Because, Juliet—because—well, you see—you know it's awful lonesome down home, now you're gone; and I was thinking—I thought, maybe—you—you wouldn't mind—you would go back, you know. Go back my wife, Juliet."

David blundered through his honest proposal, his face full of confussion, his eyes downcast on the sombre brown velvet carpet, while he spoke.

Then, as if with the cessation of the sound of his voice, his courage returned, he looked manfully in the girl's saucy face—so saucy, so sweet

"Juliet, I'll be so good to you; you can't begin to know what I think of you. Don't say 'no,' Juliet."

She looked demurely at the ribbons on her apron, and picked at the lace-edged ruffle.

"But you know I must say no, Dave, because it would seem almost like marrying my brother. Besides, I can't ever go back to the country again, Dave. I believe I'd die of lonesomeness. Why, Dave, I get to the theatre most every week; Miss Eva's so good to let me."

Her eyes were glowing like stars now, and Dave saw a proud delight on her face, and his heart sank.

"You do?"

He said it with a little accent of jealously.

"I thought when I came in that that six-footer of a servant man was precious good-looking. So it's to be him Juliet?"

She curled her lip in genuine contempt.

"Indeed, I'd not look at a footman, I can tell you, Dave Redmond. I go with a gentleman, a real, fair gentleman, just as handsome as can be, and, oh! such elegant clothes, and white hands."

Dave opened his eyes wider, and looked sternly at the flushed, piquant face.

"A real fine gentleman, eh?—and you a lady's maid. Not that it's any disgrace, Juliet, but gentlemen don't often take up with the like."

Juliet's eyes flashed defiance at him.

"That's just like you Dave Redmond, just as jealous as jealous can be. As if I don't know that Mr. Melmotte is as good as you."

She flung the last word at him in a furious little rage.

"Well, you must do as you please, Juliet. I'll tell them how you get the things all right. Good bye."

"You needn't go off in a huff, Dave, I'm sure, I wanted to tell you all about the ball I'm going to to-night."

Dave took his hat and turned to the door.

"I didn't think you could be quite so rough on a fellow, Juliet. Never mind; maybe some day I can be of service to you, and then——"

"It will never be then, if you mean I'll have you some time."

Dave went slowly out of the door, and Juliet nodded an independent impudent little good bye, and tripped off to Miss Eva Langworthy.

* * * * * *

"I do look splendid now, don't I? I never knew before half how pretty I really was! And Mr. Melmotte will be so proud of me in this elegant silk."

Miss Eva Langworthy's dressing-room door was securely locked, that lady having departed in her carriage an hour before to, some grand reception, and Juliet Mirel certainly made as charming a picture as one could wish to see, as she stood before Miss Eva's dressing-case, looking at the unwontedly beautiful reflection, and framing her thoughts into unspoken words.

"If Miss Eva should find out I have borrowed one of her dresses. I wonder if it is wicked?"

Then after a pause—

"Nonsense, I'm not going to hurt it one bit, and Mr. Melmotte will be so pleased."

She critically twined a trailing spray of clematis in her hair, her cheeks flushing afresh as she heard the pause of cab wheels at the door, and knew it was her handsome, stylish lover come to take her to the ball.

Then she cast a half frightened, half conscience-stricken look around the room, as if expecting someone to confront and condemn her.

Then her little brunette hands trembling, she unlocked Miss Langworthy's jewel box, and took a magnificent set of earrings, and pin, and bracelet from their dark green velvet rest.

"Only this once—only just this once. I promised Mr. Melmotte I would wear pearls to let him see how I become them. It can't do any harm, scarcely, and I'll wear my waterproof over everything, so the servants shall never know. And I'll make Mr. Melmotte promise to bring me back by twelve, before Miss Eva gets home."

She clasped the coolly glowing gems in her pretty ears, at her round, straight throat, and on an exquisitely chiselled arm, then, having given way entirely to the temptation, and thereby forcing conscience to desist its clamor, went down to her handsome "gentleman" lover, whose black eyes lighted wonderfully at the sight of her, and who was unusually gracious all the short, delightful ride to the ball.

"It is perfect, isn't it?" Juliet whispered, excitedly, between the dances, her fresh girlish face all aflush, and her eyes like twin fires.

"I see nothing perfect but you Juliet. Come, the next quadrille is forming, and it will be time to go then, if you must go at twelve."

"Oh, yes, I must, positively. I wouldn't have Miss Eva find me out for all the world."

So after that delightful dance, Juliet wrapped up in her long black waterproof, went down stairs to meet Mr. Melmotte at the entrance.

Somehow, as she rode along, Juliet wondered why she had enjoyed it all so, and with the reaction that invariably follows dissipation and excitement of any sort, she began to fear lest Miss Eva might have returned earlier than her original intention.

She glanced impatiently out of the window; then her gaze changed to one of surprise, then one of vague alarm.

"Why, Mr. Melmotte, this isn't the way. The driver has lost the road—there isn't a house I know along here."

She laid her arm on her companion's sleeve in her excited trepidation.

Then, looking in his face, she saw him smile oddly.

"It's all right, Juliet. We'll stop along here somewhere."

She sprang to the door of the cab, a scream piercing the silent night air, just as Melmotte's hand was laid across her lips.

"None of that young lady. Just be good enough to take off Miss Langworthy's pearls, and you may go home at your leisure. Don't you scream again, or——"

A horrible paralysis seemed to have seized the girl, and she swiftly reviewed the situation.

Alone with this man, a thief—her lover.

And this the reward of her wickedness in wearing what she had no business to wear.

What should she do?

And, oh! what ever would Miss Eva say, and Dave, when they heard of her disgraceful escapade?

Melmotte's low, resolute voice dispelled her horrified reverie.

"You shall be driven safely home, and I will get out here, if you will give me the pearls, and make no fuss about it. If not

Juliet gave one glance in his desperate steely eyes, and shrank back with lips white as death, but a countenance as defiantly resolute as Melmotte's own.

"You shall never have them, never; I'll——"

She gasped the words from under his cruel hand, and then saw him suddenly spring to the door, to receive a stunning blow from a stalwart man just outside.

"So this is the way you escort ladies to a ball, is it? Do you want to feel my fist again, or will what you have got last you till the next time?"

"Oh, Dave, is it you, dear, dear Dave?" Juliet caught his arm convulsively.

"Me, sure as guns, Juliet. I've been to the theatre, and you and him was coming out of the dancing place just as I passed by; and it struck me this gentleman of yours wasn't a right sound one, so I followed you afoot; thought I'd see you safe home, Juliet."

"Oh, Dave!"

It was all she could say, the escape was so overpowering to her.

Then, while Mr. Melmotte picked himself up from the muddy roadside, Dave jumped in beside Juliet,and gave the order homewards.

"Not but that I believe you had something to do with it," he said, sternly, to the driver, "but you take us back, and you'll not hear from me again."

It was just twelve when Juliet sprung up the steps of Miss Langworthy's house; and long before that lady returned, the dress and pearls were safe in their proper places, and Juliet standing at the front door bidding Dave good night.

"So I'll tell mother and aunt it's all settled, Juliet? You'll come back and be the mistress of the Home Farm, little girl? And you're sure you love me well enough to give up all the fine city life?"

She crept humbly into his arms, and laid her head on his broad breast, with a confidence that thrilled his true,big heart with perfect ecstasy.

"And are you sure you love me as much as you did before you knew what a wicked girl I have been?"

And for answer—Miss Eva Langworthy had to advertise for a lady's maid.

BEWARE of New Remedies advertised for Coughs and do not waste your money for a trial, when you know that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has stood the popular test for thirty years. Price, 25 cents.

I NEVER WEEP.

BY J. W.

I never weep:
For why should sorrowing tears beguile
The bonny bloom and joyous smile
Which dwells so gladly on my cheek?
And if in trouble's stormy hour
A cloud upon my brow should lower,
'Twill never shed in tears its shower,
For I never, never weep.

Why should I weep?
When every gem, and star, and flower,
When each bright bud in forest bower,
So teach my heart to bound and leap;
When every golden gleam of morn,
And each bright blossom on the thorn,
To cheer my merry soul were born,
Then why, why should I weep?

I cannot weep;
For when I learn from each green leaf
The lesson of my life—how brief!
I should not, surely, wish to steep
My soul in darkness and in gloom,
Or seek to read my future doom,
While life and gladness round me loom,
Oh, no! I cannot, cannot weep.

I will not weep;
Though each fond voice were like the bell
Which tolls for death its solemn knell;
If misery round my path should creep,
Still would I lend a helping hand,
And join in Mercy's gentle band;
But though my service all should strand,
I never will be seen to weep.

THE RISE OF THE MAIL.

THE practice of letter-writing and the system of postal communication were known to the ancients, say both sacred and profane history.

In sacred history we have the letters of Jezebel written in Ahab's name, and afterwards sealed with the king's seal, to the elders and nobles of the city in which Naboth dwelt.

We have also the letter of the king of Syria to the king of Israel, recommending to his good offices his servant Naaman; and those of Ahasuerus sent by posts into all the king's provinces; and the posts, we are told, went out, being hastened by the king's commandment.

According to profane history, the Persians—to whom we seem to be indebted for the idea of posts—had at one time no other method of transmitting intelligence than by persons stationed at certain distances from each other—hence the name posts, which has been retained even to our day. These persons, it is said, passed from one to another, in a loud voice, the communication with which they were charged.

This system is obviously primitive, and no doubt rapidly gave place to the message being conveyed by swift runners, afterwards known as couriers.

We know that these couriers existed at a very early date, and it was customary for them to dress according to the nature of the message, one style of dress for good tidings, and another for evil.

Among the Chinese, who had both horses and foot couriers, the footman's dress was adorned with a girdle of bells, which being heard at a safe distance, gave warning as the runner approached a village, and thus gave the next runner who was to take the message up, time to be in readiness, so that the despatch suffered no delay.

The first general post was a riding-post, established under Edward IV. Prior to that date, all communications had to be sent by private messenger, unless those of state, for the conveyance of which the government kept a few paid officials.

These horse-posts, long both irregular and infrequent, gradually into the once much-thought of post-boy with his twanging horn, whom Cowper has described in the lines beginning:

He comes, the herald of a noisy world.

This public functionary, upon whose diligence and fidelity so much depended, and around whom time has thrown a certain degree of romance, appears in most instances but a raw and thoughtless lad, without the means, and probably without the inclination, of offering resistance, if need be, in defense of his charge.

We have said, if need be; but in those days there was no lack of need, for an attack upon the mail was a thing of no rare occurrence.

Indeed robberies became so frequent that most people began to think of some more secure means of conveyance for their valuables; and the contents of the mail-bags at length became so worthless that the robber was not remunerated for his pains.

Added to this was the slow rate of speed at which the mails were conveyed. The stipulated rate was five miles an hour; but it was complained that the actual rate seldom amounted to four.

To us, four miles an hour seems almost incredible as the maximum rate of speed of a man on horseback; but in forming our opinion on this matter, we must not omit to take into consideration the woeful condition of the roads at the beginning of the last century.

In many parts it was reckoned dangerous to life to travel, no matter how conveyed. Carriages were overturned, and even travelers on foot had cause for alarm.

A better proof of the difficulty of travelling is seen in the paucity of the number that attempted it. Each one dwelt in his own district, and was, in a measure, shut out from the world beyond.

By the beginning of the present century, however, great improvements in the roads had taken place, and by that time the conveyance of the mails had been transferred from the post-boy to the stage-coach. The reform was a great one. Instead of four miles an hour, the mail-coach, with its team of thoroughbreds, unstrung the nerves of some people by careening at the rate of ten.

Dignified by drivers from amongst the aristocracy, and guards attired in royal livery of scarlet, and armed to the teeth, the mail was the object of no ordinary attention as it dashed through the towns and hamlets that lay along its route. After the new system was introduced, robberies were of rare occurrence.

Notwithstanding its great advantage over the old system, the mail-coach era was, comparatively speaking, a short-lived one. In time the mails was transferred from the stage-coach to the iron-horse.

Now letters are carried in a night from the great metropolis all over the surrounding country. We need be under no apprehension that the mail may be stopped by highwaymen and robbed. We are freed from the necessity of seeing hundreds of splendid horses used up annually in this service, for the strong arm of the locomotive is never weary, and we have only to tell it where to begin and where to stop.

Grains of Gold.

A debt is adorned by payment.

It is sometimes as well to forget what we know.

Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience.

An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness.

Never allow yourself to be made the harlequin of company.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

Charity, or love, is the connecting link which unites earth to heaven, and man to man.

The hasty divulgers of news generally bring on themselves the trouble of contradicting it.

Everyone who is trying to lead a good life, should also try to lead a winsome and courteous life.

Pity the man who censures what he has not the ability to perform, or the courage even to attempt.

Like a piece of steel, that man is the strongest and most elastic who always retains his temper.

Everybody has his mission, if he will find it and stick to it; a scavenger doing his own work is a benediction.

The hardest thing in the world to do so constantly that you can do it well, is to mind your own business.

The moment anything assumes the shape of a duty, some persons feel themselves incapable of discharging it.

Each day should bring its new thoughts and powers—its upward tid. of thought and character's progress.

It is generally true that we judge too bitterly and harshly the faults of every office which we do not ourselves hold.

Wherever there is fickleness, you may say with truth to him who is characterized by it, "thou shalt not excel."

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to be like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations preferred against him; every story has two sides.

How much misery may be abated, how much suffering may be removed, by the simple tone and expression of the human voice!

It is astonishing how much one without money may give. A kind word, a helping hand—the warm sympathy that rejoices with those who weep.

Let no one suppose that by acting a good part through life he will escape scandal. There will be those even who hate him for the very qualities that ought to procure esteem.

Femininities.

What fish is most valued by a loving wife? Her-ring.

One of the presents a young lady received was a copy of "Abide with me."

The father, and not the husband, of a Russian woman has supreme authority over her.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it.

A hair-dresser down East has this startling announcement in his window: "Ladies' short combings made up and arranged."

It makes a man purer and better to cherish a rejected love. There is more fun, however, in going off and making love to another girl.

Isn't it somewhat curious that no woman goes to the telephone to answer a ring without wondering if her hair is all right and her train in proper shape?

"Yes," he cried passionately, "I love you so true, so true——" "Never mind, darling," she murmured, "I'll have my trousseau ordered immediately."

The word "dear" is one of the greatest inventions in the English language. Every married man can say, "My dear wife," and no one can tell just what he means.

Women show more taste in adorning others than themselves, and the reason is, that their persons are like their hearts—they read another's better than they do their own.

A naval officer tells a reporter that in some of the foreign capitals there are regular matrimonial bureaus for marrying rich American beauties to foreign paupers who boast of titles.

A 15-year-old girl who eloped recently from her home in Detroit, said, as one of her reasons for so doing, that she wanted to be young enough to enjoy her golden wedding when it came around.

Lady (giving an apple to a little boy): "Give this apple to the one of us three here whom you think the handsomest." The boy looked for a moment at all the three ladies, took the apple, and ate it.

Goethe condemned the practice of congratulation upon marriage. "It is," he said, "as absurd as congratulating a man upon having drawn a lottery ticket before you know whether it is a prize or a blank."

Proud mother (to new governess): "And here is a pencil, Miss Green, and a note book in which I wish you to write down all the clever or remarkable things the dear children may say during your walk."

Neighbors are very considerate in Norway. When a baby is born a placard is nailed up on the door informing the community of the fact. Those who wish to move out of the vicinity are thus enabled to do so in good season.

"John, you should marry Ellen, sure." "Why, father?" "Oh, she'd be such an economical wife for you." "Why, how so, father?" "Oh, her hair's so red that you could bake slapjacks on her head without any fuel."

A gentleman, learned in the origin of social customs, was asked the meaning of casting an old shoe after a newly-married couple, as they start on their trip. He said, "To indicate that the chances of matrimony are very slipper-y."

An experienced lady observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently he waits for dinner when it is behind time. The husband remarked that a good way to pick out a wife is to see whether the woman has dinner in time.

If a woman's young and pretty, I think you can see her good looks all the better for her being plain dressed. It seems to me a woman's face does not want flowers. It's almost like a flower itself. It's like when a man's singing a good tune, and you don't want to hear the bells tinkling and interfering with the sound.

A trysting-place: Roger—(Who has been waiting some time): "What's come over ye? Das ye ken ye've kept me waiting mair nor half an hour?" Peggy—(whom he has courted for more than eight years): "I couldna help it." After a pause: "Look at the time ye've kept me waiting, and I am sure ye niver heard me yince complecain'."

Domino parties are fashionable entertainments in Boston, the ladies, but not the gentlemen, wearing masks. At one entertainment a young gentleman was flirting desperately with a domino, when to his astonishment the voice behind the mask said, "Why, Bobby—where did you learn such frightful things?" The domino proved to be his mother.

"Can you draw a cat?" is the latest social question in Davneport, Ia.; and you are immediately handed a pencil and requested to give your best idea of a cat, without model or semblance. Several ladies already have examples of numerous wild attempts of their male friends to draw a feline. The names of the artists are in each case appended to the drawing.

It is stated that dark-haired women are preferred to blondes by marrying men. To uphold this theory, a Chicago physician has recently published statistics showing that in the area covered by his researches, blondes are generally admired by poets and painters, but brunettes more frequently capture the wedding-ring than do their light-haired sisters.

It is said that the handsomest women in New York are the white-haired ones, and that in no other city in the world are there so many at once white-haired and handsome. In Washington there are some 5,000 ladies with snowy bangs and curls, and the whiter-haired a woman is, the naughtier and more dangerous she is. A gentleman who ought to know, if experience teaches anything, says: "Beware of women with premature gray hair."

New York jewelers say the rage for wearing jeweled garters is spreading. They are designed to match the tint of the dress worn with them. One of the most expensive cost $1,500. In this the lace and pearl-colored silk band was joined by an elaborate clasp. On one side was the lady's monogram in pearls; on the other the coat-of-arms with frosted stork's head, a crest of delicately-carved gold, and a motto set in chip diamonds. It was a present from a mother to her daughter, who is to be married soon.

News Notes.

European Russia has 19,684,723 horses.

London, it is estimated, has 84,831 paupers.

Paris ladies are now wearing blue gloves.

The Massachusetts legislators want an increase of pay.

New York City has one church to every 500 inhabitants.

There are over 1500 saw-mills in this country cutting lumber.

There are 600,000 depositors in the New York savings banks.

Underground telegraph wires have proved successful in France.

The wife of a South Carolina street-car driver is worth $300,000.

A young woman of Moundsville, W. Va., has eloped with a tramp.

Idaho boasts of a mountain range bearing the name "Stingy Indian."

18,000 homesteads have been entered in Florida during the past year.

The New York Prisons last year employed 546 convicts on contract work.

The order of Sisters of Charity was founded by St. Vincent de Paul, in 1634.

Benedict, Md., has 100 inhabitants, 70 of whom are sick with typhoid fever.

Tennessee employs 1031 colored male and 422 colored female school teachers.

Vienna officials rigidly exclude the use of velocipedes or bicycles on the streets.

Seven married women have eloped from Evansville, Ind., within the past three months.

Another ostrich farm, stocked with 20 birds, has just been started in Southern California.

Ten novels are written and rejected in England, it is said, for every one that is published there.

The work of leveling the Confederate fortifications around Athens, Ga., has but recently been begun.

A silk handkerchief placed on top of the head is said to give speedy relief in cases of cold in the head.

England has an insurance society which makes a specialty of insuring against damage done by hail storms.

Silk was manufactured in the United States as long ago as 1832, by German immigrants living at Economy, Pa.

There are said to be only about 18,000 members of the Society of Friends now in Great Britain and Ireland.

A short-horned heifer named Lillie Dale, belonging to a Kentucky man, died in 24 hours after eating a leaf of tobacco.

One of the latest inventions enables a person to light gas jets by an electric battery contained in a small portable tube.

In Northern Louisiana the ground was frozen from Jan. 3d to 7th, an unheard of thing in that region for many years.

An event very unusual in America was the admission, a few days ago at Cincinnati, of three Christian ladies to Judaism.

San Jose, Cal., dry goods dealers were victimized recently by an insane woman, who ordered an extensive wedding outfit.

Some enthusiastic hunters in Waco, Tex., chased an animal for several miles, thinking it to be a wolf; but it proved to be a dog.

Beatrice King, a 18 year-old girl, has just been sentenced to one month's imprisonment for stealing a pint of milk, in Louisiana.

In a French cemetery the following epitaph appears: "I await my husband, Oct. 16, 1880." Below is this: "Here I am, Feb. 7, 1880."

Scientists affirm that disease such as typhoid fever are in many cases distinctly traceable to the milk of cows who have had only impure water to drink.

A London journal asserts the truth of the story that a lady of wealth, well-known in New York, sent for Italian artists to paint pictures to match her carpets.

The people of Madagascar on the death of the Queen, recently, were, it is said, forbidden for two months to wear hats, carry umbrellas, or plait their hair.

Applicants for positions on the uniformed force of the Brooklyn police will hereafter be required to pass a competitive examination under the civil service rules.

The President of the Society of Public Analysts in England recently bought 300 samples of milk in London, and found 228 of these either watered or skimmed.

The following curiously-worded advertisement appeared in a recent issue of a St. Louis paper: "Wanted—A comfortable room for a young man four feet by ten."

The *Man*, a New York weekly paper, demands that all women, on arriving at the age of 21, be permitted to use the prefix "Mrs." to their names, whether married or not.

As an evidence of the most remarkable growth of Texas, it is said that the State has now 64 organized counties in which no vote was polled at the last Presidential election.

There is a movement in England for the abolition of the action for breach of promise. Such suits are alleged to have become so numerous that their influence is demoralizing.

A Dakota paper is authority for the statement that there is not a Baptist Church in the Black Hills country, though every other religious denomination is in some way represented.

ABOUT PRECIOUS STONES.

IF any stone deserves worship for its beauty it is the opal; and so rightly valued at its proper worth was the opal in olden days that after ages admired the Roman senator, who when Mark Antony coveted his opal ring, went into voluntary exile, preferring to part with his country rather than his gem.

Yet in these days there are numbers of people who will refuse the gift of an opal or sell any they may possess, on account of its bad reputation as a bringer of bad luck and dispeller of affection.

Yet it was the reverse of an inauspicious stone in former days.

According to Onomacritus it was one of the stones that would insure the efficacy of prayer.

According to Berquem the opal made its wearer lovable and conciliated love; it rejoiced the heart, preserved from poison and infection, dissipated melancholy and strengthened the sight.

What, then, could be more desirable either as a gift or a possession? Whence, then, arose the bad reputation of the opal?

Barbot, in his "Treatise on Precious Stones," says that it is evidently due to its connection with the legend of Robert the Devil, without explaining further, while sometimes it is traced to the story of the opal in Sir Walter Scott's "Anne of Geierstein."

It will be remembered that in the weird tale of Anne's grandfather the Persian lady whom he married possessed a marvellous opal, which, on the day of the christening of their child, when some holy water came in contact with it, first shot out a brilliant spark, and was the next instant "lightless and colorless as a common pebble."

The Persian heroine fainted and died, and was followed by her husband, Herman of Arnheim, three years afterward; and their granddaughter, referring to the story, said that she had heard of the opal growing pale, it being the nature of that noble stone to do so on the approach of poison, and Hermione having been thought to have been poisoned by the jealous Baroness Steinfeldt.

But it is evident that there is not enough in either of these tales to account for a total change of popular superstition, neither the legend or Robert the Devil nor the Persian Hermoine having ever been sufficiently known to have had the slightest influence on common opinion.

Till therefore, some better explanation can be thought of, the wrong that is at present done to that fairest of all gems, the opal, must be set down as one of those freaks of superstition which are absolutely without justification or reason.

But the superstition that yet lingers about the precious stones represents, happily, a fast-diminishing quantity.

Who would think now of attributing to each stone a special influence over each month, and wearing therefore, the sapphire in April, the agate in May, and so forth? Yet our ancestors did this, and even appropriated to 12 kinds of precious stones the 12 signs of the zodiac and the 12 apostles.

Perhaps there was some pious intent in making the jasper the symbol of Saint Peter, the chrysolite of Saint Matthew, or the uncertain beryl of the disbelieving Saint Thomas; but the modern spirit needs not these reminders, and their value at any time must have been doubtful; but smile as we may at the superstition that ruled in by-gone times with regard to precious stones, we have to admit that it was not altogether without its brighter side.

In the dark ages, for instance, it can have been no mean happiness to possess gems which, like the sapphire, insured the fulfillment of prayer; or, like the diamond and amethyst, reduced war to a safe and pleasant pastime.

A HARD LOT.—Much is said and written of the cruelty of the stepmother. With the mother-in-law, she is chosen as the target for ill-nature. But is her lot pure Elysium?

Her marriage is generally an unsentimental one. She needs a home, and her husband requires a mother for his children. It is a business transaction on both sides. But if little sentiment exists, the call of duty is clear; and many a stepmother who subsequently meets with abuse starts with a desire to do her duty.

How hard it is to perform a duty where sentiment is conspicuously absent those who know can tell; and she soon comes upon her trials. The children are prepared to give her all the trouble they can. They remember the kindness and forget the weakness of their own mother.

Every old servant who is found fault with tells them privately how different things were in their dear mamma's time.

Every novel they read treats the injustice and cruelty of stepmothers as a fact clearly ascertained and as invariable as that bees make honey, or that wool comes from sheep.

Every fault the stepmother commits is seized on that she is true to the character of her class; and the children triumph in the vindication of a general truth. She cannot always reckon on the support of her husband, for he loves his children and hates family disputes. He is apt to side with the children as against a legal wrongdoer.

The wife, although she may have have married prosaically, does not like to stand it—she does not like to be set at naught in her own house, and she determines, to get the better of her husband.

M. S.

RICH AND POOR.

'Twas evening, and the round, red sun sinks slowly in the west,
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to their nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and fro,
And tinkle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them as they come—
On them and on the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I were he;
And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no, sir-ree!
Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that duffer there,
With a liver-pad, and a gouty toe, and scarce a single hair;
To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear lest a panic come—
Far better to be the barefoot boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself: "Would I I give all my pelf
To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself.
Over the grass that's full of ants, and chill with dew to go,
With a stone bruise upon either heel, and a splinter in my toe!
Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam
Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

—U. N. NONE.

Humorous.

A back-biter—A flea.

A base imitation—A bustle.

A near relation—A whisper.

The medical student is always ready to cut an acquaintance.

The old maid's last connubial resource—To husband her affections.

A furnace should be like a good singer, able to reach the upper register.

"O-higher" is a very suggestive name for a river which acts as that river does.

"You're a man of figures," as the mathematician said to the dancing-master.

Japanese soldiers carry fans. These weapons are probably only used in the hottest of the fight.

The author of the saying that "you must always take a man as you find him," was a constable.

Once used always recommended in Heart Disease, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1, at druggists.

What is the difference between a beau-ideal and an ideal beau? One is the beau all the girls want; the other one they never get.

'Don't Holler Until You are Out of the Woods.'

Sometimes well people have but little sympathy for the sick. Not long ago we heard a gentleman "chaffing" a friend who was using Humphreys' Homœopathic Specific No. 10 for indigestion. It was not long before this worthy was using the same remedy, and praising it, too, for its power over this troublesome complaint.

He further affirms that Humphreys' Specifics, Nos. 1 and 7, for coughs and colds, cannot be excelled. They allayed the nervous, tickling sensation in the throat, and the hard, distressing cough, as well as the hoarseness and pain in the breast, at which his friends had become alarmed lest an attack of pneumonia was setting in. At this juncture he commenced with Specifics No. 7 and 1, taking six pellets every few hours. The cough soon became milder; hoarseness passed off; strength and appetite improved; and in a week he was entirely cured, having used no other medicine.

Since then he has learned that Specifics Nos. 1 and 7 have promptly, effectually and inexpensively cured thousands of similar throat and lung difficulties; and no longer wonders at his friend's unqualified praise when speaking of No. 10. He speaks from experience now, and with suppressed amusement remarks, "It is never well to holler until you are out of the woods, you know."—Exchange.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 108 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homœopathic Medicine Co.,
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DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS.

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

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READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

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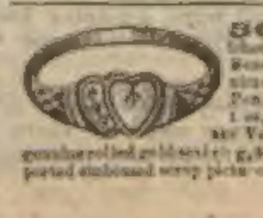
TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

60 Lovely Cards Choice Chromos, your name in pretty type, post-paid 10c. 25 fine gold-edge cards 10c. Hidden name cards 12 for 20c. 200 other styles. Big pay to agts. Send 6c. for terms and samples to canvass with. Holly Card Works, Meriden, Conn.



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The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

The Last Rose of Summer.
A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems She Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
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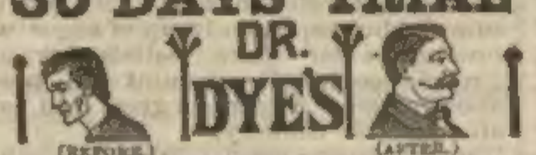

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CHANGEABLE silks, both plain and brocaded, are declaring themselves very decidedly as among the foremost Spring fashions in Paris.

They will be used for handsome visiting costumes and carriage dresses, and will be a pleasant change from the ottomans, velvets and brocades employed so exhaustively for such purposes of late.

For the Summer they will be made up extensively into showy watering-place toilets, with quantities of ribbon bows, lace or embroidery, and sometimes with an admixture of brocaded gauze or of very soft and fine veiling.

Future developments will afford more precise indications in this direction.

In the way of Spring visiting dresses of this description one of the most successful we have was seen worn by a young married lady at a fashionable Lenten reading.

It had a plain, tight petticoat of bronze and dark green changeable satin brocaded with brown figure veined with gold.

A ruche of plain bronze brown satin overlaid with cock's plumes was set around the bottom of the skirt.

The demi-redingote was of changeable brown and green satin, but without the brocaded figure; it was cut high over the hips, formed a pointed bodice in front, and behind was shirred across at the hip-line, falling from thence in full plaits nearly to the top of the satin and feather ruche.

The sleeves were set in very high at the shoulders, but were not gathered with any noticeable fullness.

This feature is to be observed in late importations from all houses of the best "ton," where, indeed the very full-shouldered sleeve was never well tolerated, however much the high-shouldered effects have been and are lavored.

To return to the costume described: It had a short visite of the brocaded changeable material trimmed with a small ruche of brown satin, half concealed under cock's plumes, and a very charming and Frenchy capote with dark green kid crown, seamed to resemble alligator skin, was worn with it, the trimming being a twist and puffs of velvet caught with three or four long gold pins and a bunch of feathers and aigrettes of various shades of brown.

The whole costume was unique and elegant enough to attract a great deal of attention.

Speaking of bonnets, there is a very pretty fancy in Paris now for evening capotes of white or pale-tinted crepe, laid in many small soft folds over the crown and finished sometimes with a couple of roses stuck under the plaited brim in front, against the hair, and always with a bow of velvet ribbon, not broad, and with long loops, against the crown, while strings of the same tie under the chin or the left ear in a small compact bow, through which a couple of gilt headed pins may be thrust.

These little bonnets are very fresh and Spring-like in appearance, very becoming, and easily made at home.

The velvet is generally of a different color from the crepe; a white crepe capote has a long bow of black velvet in front and black strings; a pale rose colored crepe has a bow and strings of myrtle green or of seal-brown velvet, and two or three pale roses half hidden under the small brim.

A pale blue crepe is very effective with ruby velvet, or black, a light shade of maize with seal brown, and some velvet jonquils inside the brim, etc., etc.

The part which crepe is beginning altogether to play in the toilet calls for special mention.

There are several varieties used by Paris dressmakers, known as "crepe," "crepon," "crepe Anglaise," and being a cross between "crepe de Chine," and genuine English crepe.

Innumerable have been the ball dresses contrived out of these materials, their soft folds draped and looped over satin or faille, all this Winter.

For young ladies, toilets especially, have they been chosen; and here they are very particularly in order by reason of their charming youthful effect.

Some of these crepes are also brocaded, but the plain ones are to be preferred.

The trimmings of these dresses—and it is well to make a note of this, as crepes are likely to be much worn at watering places next Summer—consist of knots of ribbon largely, of some lace, not too much of it, and for the most dressy ones of a few delicate sprays of flowers, or, what is newer, of feather pompons and aigrettes holding the draperies on the side, etc.

When the skirt is of surah, satin or faille, with crepe draperies, a very full ruche of silk, frequently plaited, is set at the foot, or some full puffs of the same.

When the entire dress is of crepe over a thin silk foundation, there are often puffs or a ruche of crepe at the bottom, with short loops and ends of ribbon interspersed.

This was seen on a pale pink crepe worn by a young lady the other night.

The tunic of crepe, very cunningly and artistically disposed, was held here and there with loops of satin ribbon of the same shade.

The pink bodice, laced behind, was cut rather square in the neck, back and front, and without sleeves.

A little tucker of lisse, with a narrow pink lutestring run through, showed above the edge of the bodice, and the straps over the shoulders were finished in the same way.

From the left shoulder floated a long knot of ribbon.

White undressed kids reaching above the elbow, pink feather fan with mother-of-pearl sticks, pink hose and slippers and a quaint Japanese gold ornament run through the hair, rolled up very tight and plain on the top of the head.

This dress might be modified so that it could be worn of a Summer afternoon or evening by substituting a high bodice to the low one, making it with elbow sleeves and opened a trifle at the throat with a little finish of lace.

This other model, coming from an excellent Paris house, also offers some valuable suggestions for a young girl's summer dress; for it is indubitable that the fashions in evening dress of the preceding Winter have a great and most visible influence on the dressy toilets which later appear at fashionable Summer resorts.

The original was intended for a very young girl, just "coming out," and was of white organdie and fine Valenciennes over white surah.

The front was arranged upon the principle of a christening robe, with alternate insertings of lace and clusters of tucks; at the foot were some very narrow gathered flounces gathered with lace; the bodice was of surah, cut round and without sleeves, and showing a tucker of lace and muslin above it; in the back was a "pouf" of surah, caught to the organdie by floating knots of white ribbon.

Modifications may likewise be made here in a less juvenile effect if desired. Very pretty, also, is a gauze "demi-toilette" for a young lady, the thin, silky fabric caught full, almost like a bag, over the silk foundation, by a puff and shirre at the foot, showing a tiny box-plaiting beneath and dotted with ribbon loops, and the tunic draped like a rounded apron and caught down with a small puff, in its turn, likewise, fringed with numerous short loops and ends, lengthening, up toward the hips, in o long floating knots.

Pointed bodice, finished with a little puff all around, elbow sleeves with knots of ribon and broad lace jabot intermixed with little loops and ends.

Back drapery very full. This model may be reproduced in veiling, the ribbons either matching or contrasting the color; also in striped gauze for more dressy purposes, or in crepe.

Fireside Chat.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN COOKERY CONTRASTED.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

I WONDER what you would say if, after eating some very good soup, you were told that it was made from calves' lungs, or, as we call them here after the animal is killed, calves' lights! Among the things that I have seen served at French tables, and which, if eaten here, I fancy would only be found on the tables of the very poor, are ox livers, hearts, and brains, sheeps'-brains (these are frequently dressed and called sweet-breads on the menus; so frequently, that one will take sweetbreads in France and often (erior), sheeps' tails and hearts, lambs' ears, heads, and tails, pigs' ears and brains, turkey pinions.

Cocks'-combs are considered a great delicacy. I dare say my readers have often seen them preserved in bottles in French shops.

I do not myself think there is any taste in them, and class them with the dishes of peacocks' brains that were served long ago.

Their merit was their rarity. The head of the peacock is singularly small compared to the body. Many small birds are eaten, but I sincerely hope we shall not take to eating song birds.

I only regret that robins are eaten, and fear that if our other little songsters were brought to market as ruthlessly as robins are, our woods and gardens would soon be as void of song as are many parts of France.

Having taken a cursory glance at edibles generally, I will now briefly notice some of the various ways of preparing them.

In France, in the house of the rich or the cottage of the poor, soup is considered the base of a good repast. The houses are very rare where it is not served every day.

The soups are not as strong as ours—the proportion of water in them is certainly greater. The pot-au-feu, or soup-pot, the contents of which serve as simple soup, or as the base of almost all soups and gravies, is of great importance.

Into it is put meat, bones, all kinds of vegetables, a bouquet garni (sweet-herbs, parsley, and a bay-leaf tied together), bits of bread, a lump of sugar, &c. There is one thing in the management of this pot that must not be forgotten; it is absolutely necessary that it should be kept well skimmed—it must be remembered that if what rises to the top is allowed to remain there, it will soon disappear again, and will make the whole of the contents of the stock-pot thick and muddy-looking, and give double the trouble to clear it that it would have given to keep it clear.

What you have taken from the top of the stock you will find is chiefly fat, and is not to be wasted, but treated thus:

Put the skimming into a saucepan with a pint of water and any bits of cooked fat or remains of dripping (in fact, take the opportunity for a clearance), boil all together, stir occasionally, and when beads appear on the top, stand the saucepan on one side a few minutes; then strain the fat through a tammy into a jar in which you have placed two bay-leaves, to perfume the fat and keep it sweet; put aside for frying in.

While on the subject of fat, I would call your attention to the different kinds used for frying in.

Do we use butter, lard, or dripping. In France lard is not much used, but dripping, prepared according to the directions just given, is a deal used. In Brittany, Normandy, and pasture countries butter is much used, also oil made from the field poppy; but in the southern parts oil—not only olive oil, which is the only oil we ever use (to the best of our knowledge), but also beech nut and beech fruit.

These are both very good oils. Fish cooking is very different. Of course one frequently sees plain fried or broiled fish in France; but those are only two ways, out of many. Mushrooms are frequently used with fish, as also different vinegars.

The vinegars made with tarragon, chervil, &c., are a feature in French cooking; they are most useful in gravies and sauces.

I would recommend readers of THE POST if they have not done so already, to get some seed and grow chervil in pots; it is very pretty, something like a fern, and the leaves are very nice, and give a pretty appearance when cut into clear gravy soup.

Vegetables are always cooked in France. I do not think we can really call our way of putting them in a saucepan of water, and throwing into the waste but half the goodness of them, "cooking vegetables."

Where there is a pig tub it would be appropriate to call it making soup for the pigs. My readers have I daresay, heard of the old woman who had some tea given her for the first time.

She poured water on it as she was told. When she thought it had stood long enough she threw away the water, and was much disappointed to find the leaves were not to her taste. Well, I think we do almost as foolishly as the old woman.

I think spinach is the only vegetable we cook in its own juice. The French cook vegetables without water, and when they use any, it is only just enough to cook them.

Some contain sufficient moisture, some are cooked in a little butter or stock, so that if you were going to cook a few peas in France you would not need to put a big saucepan of water on, but a little pan and a lump of butter, and a lump of sugar would produce a far more satisfactory dish. French people call our mint with peas an abomination. Sugar is a great deal used in all vegetable cookery.

We next come to meats. In proportion as vegetables are more eaten; the dishes are lighter. Small dishes are, as I have already said, made of all sorts of things, including, in addition to those I have already given, everything that we eat.

Then gravies and sauces are much more important things. Five and twenty years ago there was good reason for their being so, as the meat was so inferior to ours; but that has improved and is still improving.

When I speak of sauces, be it understood that I do not mean sauces in the sense of Harvey's or Worcester, or other bought sauces which are never used in French cookery, but sauces made to be served with certain dishes.

Caramel is used a great deal in meat gravies. So much has been written about its use in several papers lately, and it has been so praised, that I may as well tell you how to make it.

It is best to keep a little sauce pan for the purpose (choose one that is not lined), as it spoils it sometimes.

Take half a pound of white sugar, put about a tablespoonful of water to it, put over the fire, and stir.

When the sugar has taken a dark brown (it must not be allowed to get black) color, add half a pint of hot water, stir well, take from the fire, when cool bottle for use.

There is another kind of caramel which doubtless all my readers know very well, being a very nice sweet.

Caramel really means the point to which sugar is boiled. There are different names for the different degrees to which it is boiled. Caramel is the last point at which it is good; if you try to boil beyond you will have a cinder!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

MARY.—We will try.

JOHN N. G.—It is a matter about which you had better see a doctor.

E. M.—The names are there. Write to the Secretary of War, asking information.

SWINTONIA.—Ivory can be bleached white in the sun under glass by being kept slightly wetted.

S. L. H.—It will look better longer if you frame it with glass, and it is much more easily cleaned.

H.—Under any circumstances it would be imprudent for a lady to write a declaration of affection to a gentleman.

MRS. H.—We know nothing positively as to their reliability, but think you had better not have anything to do with them.

T. I. O.—Texas was originally called the New Philippines. Both names are Spanish. We do not know the meaning of the former.

KATIE S.—We see no harm in it. One of the most eminent writers in New York married his stepdaughter. If you are satisfied it is nobody else's business.

A. R.—You might write and ask if it would be agreeable for you to call. Merely neglecting to invite you to call again means nothing one way or the other.

LEWIS H. W.—As you have a good character, and are capable of fulfilling the duties required by the advertiser, there is no reason why you should not apply for the situation.

PETER B.—You are nervous and bashful. Continue going into company, and the feeling will wear off in time. You write like a person that should be able to talk, and to talk well in company. There is no book that will improve you.

J. D. S.—If the young lady's parents have forbidden your calling at their house, you should not, of course, go there. It would be mean and dishonorable to go to the house in secret. You must try other means to secure the prize you are so anxious to obtain.

POTS.—It is impossible to give you advice as to any occupation by which you could make money, while residing at home, while in ignorance of your educational acquirements, your circumstances, the sort of neighborhood in which you live, and your position in society.

A. W.—The proper phrase is to "get up for examination," the other is slang. The term "wrangler," in Cambridge college phrase, is one who has obtained a place in the highest mathematical honor-class, and the first man of this class is distinguished as the "senior" wrangler.

MABEL L.—(1) "I shall be very happy to do so;" or, "Thank you, I am not engaged for that set," or something of the sort. The question is put most in a measure rule the mode of replying to it. (2) Kate, "spotless, pure;" Florence, "blooming, flourishing;" Maria, "bitterness;" Nellie, "truthful."

WINNIE.—Were your visitor an older person than yourself, i. e., of "a certain age," or a married person, a young girl should lay aside her needlework, and give her undivided attention to them. But, if the visitor be a young friend of her own standing, she may continue it, provided that she can converse, and look up from it, and make herself agreeable and attentive—so far as may devolve upon her—all the same, say, "Would you excuse my going on with my work?" should you fear your so doing might be regarded as impolite by the visitor, whether young or old. Rather be too punctilious than wound anyone.

COWSLIP.—It is a sad thing to find how ready people are to imagine "insults" where nothing of the kind is either intended, or wished. How much better to sit down and think of some sensible reason for anything that appears strange and unusual. Letters to editors and others much occupied are often returned to their owners with the answer written on them, where there is space for it, thus showing that the query has been read and thought over, and that the busy editor had given the best answer he could, and had also gone to the trouble of doing what he is not obliged to do—answer a letter or query privately.

JESSIE.—The usual method of taming birds is to hold something they particularly like to eat within reach; when they are very hungry. Hide all but your hand behind a curtain at first, and when it comes fearlessly to take what you offer, then show a little more of yourself by degrees. But you will have to reduce it to take the food from your hand, by putting next to nothing elsewhere. It is a pity that the bird should be already so old. Be very quiet in all your movements in approaching it, and in cleaning the cage. Let it always expect to get food when you go up to it, for some time to come; but always leave water and a little seed in the cage. If fond of groundsel and plantain, you might make them treats now and again of hemp-seed.

NORTH.—Much depends on the age of your sister. Is she older than yourself? We are in perfect ignorance of the circumstances and position of either party. Perhaps, if intimate with the correspondent of your sister, you might induce him to come forward in an honorable manly way, and so relieve her of a great difficulty and place her in a proper position. You do not tell us to whom your sister is responsible for her conduct. Tell her openly that if she will not desist in acting in a clandestine manner you will appeal to him, to protect her from the consequences of such conduct. Do nothing underhand yourself, and speak to a gentle and very conciliatory way. We presume you are an elder sister.

BLUEBELL.—No gentleman has a right to take off his hat and bow to you in the street, nor should you bow to him, if a stranger to you, excepting under special circumstances. For instance, if passing you so as almost to touch your dress in a very narrow passage, or in the hall of a mutual friend's house, he should raise his hat without looking at you, and you should bow slightly in passing to acknowledge his courtesy. Also, were you walking with a brother to whom the stranger bowed or spoke, he ought to raise his hat to you; or if you bowed to a lady walking with him, he ought, of course, to raise his hat. But in none of these cases is any subsequent bow or acquaintanceship involved, and under no other circumstances should any notice be taken by you of what you could only regard as an impertinence.